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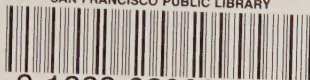
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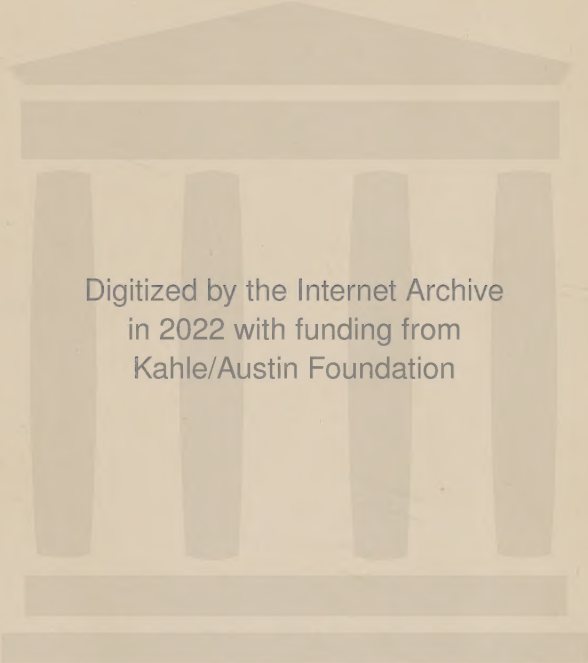
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# In Love With Love

*A PLAY IN THREE ACTS*

BY

VINCENT LAWRENCE

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LAWRENCE

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## CHARACTERS

JULIA  
WILLIAM JORDON

ANN JORDON,  
ROBERT METCALF  
FRANK OAKES  
JACK GARDNER  
MARION SEARS

## SYNOPSIS

ACT I. *A room in William Jordon's house.*

ACT II. *Same as Act I—a week later.*

ACT III. *The same—five minutes later.*

The following is a copy of the playbill of the first performance of "IN LOVE WITH LOVE" as presented at the Ritz Theatre, New York, August 6, 1923.

WILLIAM HARRIS, JR.

*Presents*

"IN LOVE WITH LOVE"

*A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS*

By VINCENT LAWRENCE

THE CAST

(In the order of their appearance)

JULIA .....	<i>Maryland Morne</i>
WILLIAM JORDAN .....	<i>Berton Churchill</i>
ANN JORDON .....	<i>Lynn Fontaine</i>
ROBERT METCALF .....	<i>Henry Hull</i>
FRANK OAKES .....	<i>Robert Strange</i>
JACK GARDNER .....	<i>Ralph Morgan</i>
MARION SEARS .....	<i>Wanda Lyon</i>

*Acts I, II and III—William Jordan's Home.*

*Staged by Robert Milton*



# In Love With Love

## ACT I

SCENE: *A room in William Jordan's house.*

TIME: *Late afternoon in the Fall.*

AT RISE: *The stage is empty.*

*A door bell heard to ring off L. through dining room.*

*Curtain rises. Door bell again.*

JULIA, a maid, enters from dining room on L. as she crosses above the table L.C. Door bell again, short. She continues up to door C., opens it, stands on R. JORDAN enters, wears overcoat, etc.

JORDON. Good evening, Julia.

JULIA. Good evening, sir.

JORDON. (*Up C.*) Forgot my key again. (*Taking off coat.*)

JULIA. Yes, sir. (*Closes the door, C.*)

JORDON. Have to tie it around my neck, I guess. (*JULIA laughs, takes hat and coat and crosses, hangs them in closet up R.3. He starts toward stairs.*) Miss Ann home?

JULIA. No, sir.

JORDON. (*Front of piano*) Where is she, do you know?

JULIA. (*Still in the closet*) She went to the club with Mr. Metcalf, sir.

JORDON. Oh. (*A twinkle in eye.*)

JULIA. Said she would be home for dinner.  
(*Coming down R. of piano.*)

JORDON. (*Goes to stairs*) Oh, all right. (*Stops*  
—*to JULIA*) My paper, please. (*Bell rings. JULIA*  
*gets the paper from his coat in closet and comes*  
*down R., hands it to him.*) Thanks.

(*ANN and METCALF heard laughing and talking, c.*)

JULIA. You're welcome. (*JULIA crosses, opens*  
*door, c., stands R. of it.*)

(*METCALF and ANN enter, ANN on R. of METCALF.*  
*METCALF dressed in golf suit, overcoat and cap.*  
*ANN wears sport suit, hat, jacket, etc.*)

METCALF and ANN. (*Enter c.*) Hello, Julia.

JORDON. (*From stairs R.*) Oh, here you are.

(*JULIA closes the door c., then comes down L. of*  
*METCALF when he drops c.*)

ANN. Hello, Daddy; just beat me home! (*Runs*  
*and kisses him, as he comes down to R.C.*) Where  
do you think I've been—a baseball game.

METCALF. (*Crosses down c.*) Hello. How are  
you, Mr. Jordon?

JORDON. I'm pretty fair, Bob; how are you?

METCALF. Oh, I'm fine, thanks.

JORDON. Have a good time?

(*READY Piano R.3.*)

ANN. (*Enthuses*) Oh, we had a wonderful time.  
It was a great game, wasn't it, Bob?

METCALF. Certainly was, yes. (*Gives hat to*  
*JULIA, on his L.*)

JORDON. How did you happen to go to the ball

game—thought you never had any interest . . .  
(METCALF *taking off coat.*)

ANN. (*Interrupts*) It's a long story—we were playing such rotten golf; wanted to see somebody hit a ball.

(METCALF *gives coat to JULIA; as she turns, he stops her and gets his package of cigarettes from a pocket, puts them in his jacket pocket. JULIA goes up C., crosses above piano, hangs coat and hat, closet up R.3.*)

JORDON. Did she know anything about it, Bob?

ANN. Of course, I did, didn't I? (*To BOB.*)

METCALF. Yes, after I explained everything after it happened.

JORDON. (*Amused—to METCALF*) You *must* have had a great time. (*Crosses, starts for stairs R.2.*)

ANN. You can take me again tomorrow, Daddy.

JORDON. (*Exits on stairs*) No, Bob can take you again. (*Exits upstairs. ANN goes, crosses onto second stair.*)

METCALF. (*Crosses to her*) I'll take her.

ANN. (*To METCALF*) Oh, you don't have to if you don't want to.

METCALF. (*At foot of stairs*) Of course I want to. Do you want me to go, or do you mind if I stay a while?

ANN. (*On second step*) It's pretty late, Bob, but——

METCALF. (*Quickly*) All right, I'll stay a few minutes.

ANN. (*Smiles*) Be right down. (*Exits upstairs.*)

(METCALF *thinks, looks at watch. JULIA leaves*



*closet door open and crossing above piano, starts to exit L.I, back of sofa.)*

METCALF. Oh, Julia, just a minute. (*Crosses to L. of c.*)

JULIA. (*Stops above the sofa*) Yes, sir.

METCALF. Do me a favor?

JULIA. Yes, sir. (*After a glance toward stairs, METCALF slips her a bill.*)

METCALF. Look—when Miss Jordon comes down, come in and ask her if I'm to be here for dinner, will you?

JULIA. (*Looks at it, surprised, but keeps it*) Thank you, sir—yes, sir. (*Smiles and exits L.I.*)  
METCALF, *pleased with his headwork, goes up c.*)

ANN. (*Comes down stairs; has taken off hat. Humming "In Love with Love." Crosses R. of piano.*) Bob—what was that tune they were playing?

METCALF. (*Crosses above piano*) What tune? (*ANN sits, plays it on piano. He looks around for JULIA. ANN hums the first few words—da, da, da, da. ANN sings "In Love." METCALF above piano. Sings, picking up the tune*) Who is the who?

(PIANO R.3.)

ANN. (*Sings, laughs*) I wish I knew.

(JULIA enters from door L.I, crosses front of table L.C. to R. of sofa.)

METCALF. (*Sings*) Now, I have someone in mind. (*Sees JULIA, motions her.*) But love is blind, it's perplexing.

ANN. (*Sings*) What can a poor girl do? (*ANN, playing, doesn't notice JULIA.*)

METCALF. Oh, Ann—Ann— (*Puts his hand on hers, stops her playing.*)

(STOP Piano.)

ANN. (*Stops playing*) What?

METCALF. I think Julia wants to speak to you.  
(*Crosses down R. of piano to newel post at stairs.*)

ANN. What is it, Julia?

JULIA. (*At R. of sofa, a little embarrassed*) I—I just wanted to know if Mr. Metcalf would be here for dinner.

(*PIANO Resume.*)

ANN. No, he won't be. (*Continues playing.* METCALF hurt, sits, arm chair R. front of stairs. JULIA goes out, L., grinning. *Playing*) Pretty, isn't it?

METCALF. I don't know.

ANN. (*Stops playing, after a few bars*) What's the matter, Bobby?

(*STOP Piano.*)

METCALF. Nothing—nothing particular.

ANN. Oh, did I hurt your feelings about dinner?

(*WARN Phone.*)

METCALF. No, no, it's your house, but—why be so definite about it?

ANN. (*Amused*) I didn't mean to be,—I'd love to have you, but I may go out myself. (*Plays again.*)

METCALF. (*Rises, jealous*) Who with?

ANN. (*Loves to tease*) Oh—I don't know.

METCALF. Humph. (*Sits again, arm chair, at stairs.*)

ANN. Bobby, oh, Bobby! (*Stops playing.*) I'm only teasing you. Marion Sears is coming to dinner.

METCALF. (*Absently*) Oh, is she? How's her divorce coming?

ANN. (*Absently*) She has a good chance to get it.

METCALF. Hope she does—she's a nice girl, Marion.

ANN. Yes, it's too bad she's had such hard luck. Pretty, isn't it? (*Stops playing—sighs.*) What time is it?

(*STOP Piano.*)

METCALF. (*Looking at watch*) Five minutes to six.

ANN. (*Rises, goes to foot of stairs*) Oh, my goodness.

METCALF. (*Rises, goes to her R.*) But I don't want to go yet.

ANN. But I have to dress.

METCALF. Aw, wait a few minutes.

ANN. Well, I'll wait until six. (*Crosses toward sofa, L.C., crossing via back of C.T.*)

METCALF. That isn't long enough. (*Follows her.*)

ANN. (*Smiles*) Six, ten. That's the very last minute. (*Sits, sofa.*)

METCALF. (*L. of C.*) Fifteen minutes! Wonderful! (*Suddenly disturbed*) But doggone it, I've an engagement at the club at six.

ANN. You'd better hurry, then.

METCALF. That's right. I better had. (*Sits on sofa above her.*)

ANN. (*Amused*) Who's it with?

METCALF. Nobody you know—fellow named Gardner.

ANN. You shouldn't keep him waiting.

METCALF. Never mind about him. Got to have a few minutes with you alone if I have to steal 'em.

ANN. We've been together all afternoon.

(*PHONE Rings.*)

METCALF. I said alone. (*Phone on table L.C. rings. Bell is behind the cabinet. ANN takes phone from table L.C.*) I hope that's nobody for you.

ANN. (*As she reaches for the phone, seated*) Well, you never can tell. (*In phone*) Hello. Oh, hello, Frank.

METCALF. (*Scowling, under breath*) Damn it. (*Takes a cigarette from package in pocket.*)

ANN. No, just got home—been to a baseball game. (*Little surprised*) What is it—tell me—I'm all excited.



METCALF. (*Angrily*) Hang up on him, will you!

ANN. No, I can appreciate it over the phone. Please tell me.

METCALF. What good does it do to be with you alone if you're going to talk to that big sap?

ANN. Sh, Bob, I can't hear.

METCALF. I know, but you said you'd talk to me.

ANN. Yes, I'm here, Frank. (*To METCALF*) What did you say, Bob?

METCALF. What's the sense of my——

ANN. (*To METCALF*) Shut up! (*METCALF turns away sore. ANN in phone*) Hello. Yes, Frank. No, no, it wasn't anything—why can't you tell me now, and then we can talk about it afterwards. All right, come out and tell me, if you'd rather. (*METCALF sorer.*) All right—see you in about fifteen minutes, Frank. Bye bye. (*Hangs up. Laugh, nudges METCALF*) Ha, I wonder what's happened to Frank Oakes?

METCALF. Nothing happened to Frank Oakes. That was just an excuse to get out here, that's all.

ANN. He doesn't have to have an excuse.

METCALF. Do you realize it's six o'clock? Fine time to call on a girl.

ANN. I'll be glad to see him, anyway.

METCALF. Yes, I know you will. I'll bet you a hundred dollars you ask him to dinner. (*She laughs.*) Oh, I know you like him.

ANN. Of course, I like him.

METCALF. I know you do. I don't understand it, though.

ANN. Don't you like him?

METCALF. Like him—like *him*—I can't tell you what I think of Frank Oakes. And I'm not going to—it isn't fair to pan even him behind his back—but if he were here, I'd tell him—I'd tell him to his funny face—(*Rises, crosses above the table and arm chair c., then around them, to above T.C.*)—that

think he's the cheapest, the loudest, the frowsiest, the most arrogant, egotistical, self-assertive——

ANN. (*Interrupts*) All right—all right. I like him and I don't care what you think about him.

METCALF. All right, all right. (*Lights match from card in pocket, starts to light cigarette, then blows it out, throws match in tray on T. Sits arm chair C.*)

ANN. (*Looks at him*) Now, Bobby, don't be cross. (*METCALF doesn't answer.*) Bobby— (*Sits, stool, facing him, lights match and holds it for his cigarette*) Don't be cross.

METCALF. (*Mutters*) I'm not cross. (*Blows out match.*)

ANN. You ought to see yourself.

METCALF. I don't want to see myself.

ANN. Don't you want to talk?

METCALF. I don't want anything.

ANN. (*Lights another match*) What's the matter, really? (*Lights cigarette for him.*)

METCALF. Oh, I don't know, Ann—I'm just disappointed in life.

ANN. I think it's a wonderful life.

METCALF. (*Murmurs*) I think it's horrible!

ANN. Didn't have a good time with me today?

METCALF. Yes, of course, I had a good time with you—but what good does it do? It's all over now. What good was it?

ANN. We'll have other days.

METCALF. Yes, and they'll all end just like this one. I can't seem to make you understand. We seem to have a wonderful time together. And when it's all over—you're perfectly willing to have me go home.

ANN. Where do you want to go?

(*READY Clock Strike L.3.*)

METCALF. To a home of our own.

ANN. Well, I don't see the difference.

METCALF. I know you don't—that's the trouble—all you want to do is to play a little while. (*Suddenly impatient*) You're just like a little girl, always wanting to play.

ANN. Don't you like to play?

METCALF. No, I don't!

ANN. What do you want to do?

METCALF. I don't want to play with you. (*Leans forward, takes her hand*) I want to marry you.

ANN. We can be married any time. It's much nicer being sweethearts.

METCALF. Sweethearts. (*Barely murmurs*) That's a lot of bunk. (*Throws himself back in chair, has been leaning forward.*)

ANN. Look at all the things we do—don't we go to the theatre together?

METCALF. Oh, sure.

ANN. Aren't we the best dancers you ever saw?

METCALF. Yes, we're wonderful, but what of it?

ANN. Aren't we the worst golfers you ever saw?

METCALF. I'll say we're good and rotten.

ANN. (*Throwing burnt match at him*) You're worse than I am.

METCALF. Who's! Well, maybe I am. What else do we do? (*Puts cigarette on ash tray on T.C.*)

ANN. Tennis, swim, race anybody in your new car. Oh, Bobby, dear, we're lovely playmates, really we are.

METCALF. Don't you think we could be just as good playmates if we were married?

ANN. Yes, but I think we can be just as good if we're not.

METCALF. (*Hands on hers—gently*) Ann, please marry me, will you?

ANN. (*Softly*) Maybe I will—(*He moves forward, expectantly*)—some day.

METCALF. Don't you love me just a little bit?

ANN. Yes, I do love you a little.



METCALF. Love anybody else any more?

ANN. No.

METCALF. As much?

ANN. I don't think so.

METCALF. (*Wearily sits back*) Oh, Lord, a lot of good that does me. I guess I'm getting discouraged.

ANN. (*Sorry for him*) You mustn't get discouraged because— (*Stops.*)

METCALF. (*Comes forward, eagerly*) Because what?

ANN. Well, I know I don't love anybody any more.

METCALF. (*Sighs*) Oh, dear—— (*Clock on mantel strikes six. Rises, goes toward mantel, looks at clock. Looks at watch*) You're fast!

(*CLOCK Strikes Six.*)

ANN. Hum?

METCALF. (*Going to above T.C.*) It's a minute of.

ANN. Is it?

METCALF. Yeh. See! (*Shows her watch.*)

ANN. (*Puts eye down close to watch*) All right.

METCALF. Do you know, Ann, sometimes I wish to God I'd never laid eyes on you—and other times I've promised myself never to run after you any more. Turn right around and go out of your life and never see you again.

ANN. (*Fooling with button on his coat*) Don't you do that now, because I'd miss you.

METCALF. (*Takes her hand*) Would you, really?

ANN. Of course I would.

METCALF. (*Sits armchair c.*) Don't worry, I'll never go.

ANN. (*Laughs. Rises*) But you've got to go.

METCALF. I don't want to go.

ANN. You've got to go, now.

METCALF. All right. If I must, I must. (*Rises, goes up c., crosses above into closet.*)

ANN. (*Crosses F. of piano.*) Hope you have a pleasant evening.

METCALF. I don't expect to.

ANN. (*Crossing to stairs*) Never can tell.

METCALF. (*In closet, putting on overcoat, cap, etc.*) I can usually tell. God, it's terrible to think of me going and Oakes coming.

ANN. (*On second step*) Do you really want to take me to the ball game to-morrow?

METCALF. (*Instantly comes out of closet down to her, hat in hand*) Sure, will you go?

ANN. All right.

METCALF. (*On first step—enthuses*) That's great! I'll call for you in the morning.

ANN. Well, not too early.

(*READY Lights to Dim Slowly.*)

METCALF. Ten o'clock is all right?

ANN. Well——

METCALF. Then we can have a little while here before we have to go, see?

ANN. (*Amused*) Well, all right.

METCALF. (*Shakes hands*) Well, good night, Ann.

ANN. Good night, Bobby.

METCALF. (*Goes to L. of piano, turns*) Oh, Ann.

ANN. (*Going up stairs R., stops*) Yes.

METCALF. Er—doing anything tonight?

ANN. Yep.

METCALF. (*Quickly*) Yes, of course you are. Well——

ANN. Lots and lots of things.

METCALF. I understand. I understand. Well—(*Going up c., to front door, hand on knob.*)

ANN. But nothing I care especially about.

METCALF. (*Crosses, goes down to her eagerly*) Then what do you say?

ANN. (*Amused*) I didn't say anything.

METCALF. Any chance for me? Oh, golly, but you're cute. (*Pats her cheek.*)

ANN. (*Laughs*) But you've an engagement.

METCALF. Don't worry about my engagement. I mean later this evening.

ANN. Well—you might telephone.

METCALF. Oh, will I! (*Kisses her hand.*)

ANN. (*Laughs*) Oh, Bob.

METCALF. (*Steps close, thinks she means he may kiss her*) Yes, dear.

ANN. (*Laughs*) Call up good night to Daddy.

(*LIGHTS Dim Down Slowly.*)

METCALF. (*Calls*) Good night, Daddy. (*Cue for lights to come down. See electric plot.*)

ANN. (*Laughs—murmurs*) Daddy!

METCALF. Good night, Mr. Jordon.

JORDON. (*Heard upstairs*) Oh, good night, Bob, good night. Come again soon.

METCALF. Sir!

JORDON. I say, come again soon.

METCALF. See you tonight.

ANN. (*Laughs*) Don't you be so sure.

METCALF. Well, this time I'm off. (*Crosses to front of piano.*)

ANN. Bye, bye.

METCALF. (*Crosses again at foot of stairs*) Ann, walk up as far as the door with me, will you?

ANN. (*Laughing. Goes with him on his R.*) Getting quite gay again, aren't you?

METCALF. (*Arm about her*) It's the prospect of a brilliant evening.

ANN. If I'm out, you'll understand.

METCALF. (*R. of ANN*) Don't worry. I'll phone long before you have a chance to get out. (*Takes her hand, looks about*) Ann, one kiss before I go, eh?

ANN. (*L. of door*) No.



METCALF. Oh, please. (*Again looks about*) Just one. Nobody's looking.

ANN. (*Laughingly*) Well—just one. (*Giggles.*)

METCALF. (*Kisses her—breathlessly*) Oh, my darling! (*In his ecstasy he turns front, expecting to find the door in that direction, then turns, exit D.C. to L.* ANN eagerly goes to window and watches METCALF go. JORDON comes downstairs, stops on stairs, and watches her, amused. ANN parts curtains, waves goodbye to him, then kisses her hand to him twice. Moves to front of door, C.—doesn't see JORDON till there.)

ANN. (*Then she speaks*) It's getting quite dark out.

JORDON. (*Kidding, stays on second step, has newspaper*) You don't tell me.

ANN. (*To above L. of piano*) Yes.

JORDON. Well, that's not so strange. (*Comes down stairs to front of chair at piano*) But why didn't he stay to dinner? That is strange. (*Throws newspaper on piano.*)

ANN. Bobby? (*Goes to his L.*)

JORDON. (*Front chair at piano*) I'm so curious I couldn't wait for you to come up. Have you had a quarrel?

ANN. (*Laughs*) No, he had an engagement.

JORDON. (*Happily, kidding—hands on her arms*) Ann, dear, you don't really mean we're going to eat alone for the first time in our lives?

ANN. Well, Marion will be here.

JORDON. (*Disappointed*) Oh, will she? (*Hopefully*) But no boys, for once?

ANN. (*Arms around his neck*) Well, I may have to ask——

JORDON. (*Arms about her waist, interrupts*) Yes, it's all right, dear, all right, I understand.

ANN. You don't mind, do you?

JORDON. No, no, it wouldn't seem like home without them. Who's coming tonight?

ANN. Oh, someone I am very fond of.

JORDON. Yes, who?

ANN. See if you can guess.

JORDON. Want me to guess, eh? Well, let's see—  
(*Thinks a moment*) Lewis Flanders?

ANN. No.

JORDON. Harold Chambers?

ANN. (*Scornfully*) No!

JORDON. Brice Evans?

ANN. (*Hands over his mouth to stop him*) No!  
Goodness, no!

JORDON. I'm getting worse and worse, eh? Harold Pennington?

ANN. No!

JORDON. Bill Edmonds?

ANN. (*Crossing to sofa, sits*) I said fond of.

JORDON. Frank Hoyt?

ANN. No!

JORDON. Pawl Tewksbury?

ANN. No!

JORDON. Jim Barnes?

ANN. No, no.

JORDON. Tom McIntyre?

ANN. No!

JORDON. Walter Long?

ANN. No!

JORDON. Joe Chase?

ANN. (*Continues to shake her head*) No.

JORDON. Not yet?

ANN. No, not yet.

JORDON. (*Crossing to front of table L.C., picks up telephone book there*) I'll run through the telephone book.

ANN. Give it up?

JORDON. All right, give it up.

ANN. Frank Oakes.

JORDON. Frank Oakes, huh?

ANN. You should have thought of him in the first place.

JORDON. They come and go too fast for me. I can't keep track of them.

ANN. Listen. Do you hear anything?

JORDON. No. (*ANN rises and hurries to window at L. of door c.*)

ANN. That's him.

JORDON. (*Crossing to stairs, takes his paper from piano*) Well, you certainly have them down fine. I'm sure I don't hear a thing.

ANN. Don't go, darling.

JORDON. Oh, I'll have plenty of time to see him before he goes. (*Exits up the stairs.*)

ANN. (*Laughs, hearing OAKES coming to window on L., parts curtains, looks out, then opens the door before OAKES has time to ring. Opens door, gayly, stands on R. of it*) Hello, Frank!

OAKES. (*Breezes in*) Hello, Ann!

ANN. (*Closes door*) Quick, what have you got to tell me? I can't wait!

OAKES. You darling! (*Impulsively kisses her.*)

ANN. (*Startled, draws away to above L. of piano*) Frank, what are you doing?

OAKES. (*Enthuses*) Ann, you've just done the dearest thing a girl can do!

ANN. What have I done?

OAKES. (*Moves toward her. She gets R. of piano*) Let me in before I had time to ring. And when we're married, Ann, always do that. Plant your pretty face at the window and when you see me come running down the street, run and open the door, leap into my arms on the steps. (*Close to her, follow her*) Kiss me with those eager lips.

ANN. (*Crosses, sits on sofa*) Ha, ha—not so fast.

OAKES. (*To R. of piano. Sweeps coat off, slaps*

*it on piano bench with hat, laughing, crosses to her*)  
Hello, Ann, glad to see me?

ANN. Yes, but I thought you had something exciting to tell me.

OAKES. Yes, but no hurry, no hurry. (*Goes R. of her*) In fact, nothing seems important to me when I'm with you—except you. I'm a man all wrapped up in his work in the office—and yet, I think of you before a battle, I think of you during it, and I think of you when I've won it. That's how important you are.

ANN. (*Excited and happy*) What—what do you think about me?

OAKES. How pretty you are.

ANN. Yes.

OAKES. How beautiful you are!

ANN. Oh, yes.

OAKES. How wonderful you are.

ANN. Go ahead.

OAKES. (*Kneel sofa. Closer to her hand on back of sofa*) How much I love you.

ANN. Yes, yes.

OAKES. (*Closer. Lean over her*) How much you love me.

ANN. (*Lightly*) Think of that often?

OAKES. (*Standing up*) All the time, Ann, all the time.

ANN. Do you think about me when you lose?

OAKES. I never lose.

ANN. Oh, you must lose sometimes.

OAKES. Never! I've won every fight since I've been in the place. I've shown those old fogies in the firm they've been dead for years and didn't know it. When they were worried sick over a deal, I showed 'em a short cut—but I didn't mean to get blowing about business, dear—(*Sits above her, arm on back of sofa—softly*) It was just to prove that



there was always room for you. See the idea, dear?  
(*Smiles at her.*)

ANN. (*Smiles back, charmed with him—nods*)  
Um—uh—I see. And I love it. Any girl would.

OAKES. Any what would?

ANN. Any girl would.

OAKES. (*Shakes head*) There are no other girls.

ANN. (*Enthuses*) Oh, that's wonderful. Say  
some more.

OAKES. You darling! (*Starts to take her in his arms.*)

ANN. (*Moves a little away*) I said talk!

OAKES. (*With sudden passion*) How can I talk  
when I want to take you in my arms and crush you?

ANN. (*Frightened and fascinated*) You frighten  
me, sometimes, Frank.

OAKES. (*Through teeth*) And sometimes my  
love frightens me. I don't know anything more  
wonderful than to crush you to death!

ANN. (*Points to stool*) You sit over there where  
I can see you.

OAKES. (*Laughs, rises, sits on stool*) I suppose  
you can't understand that, huh.

ANN. No, I don't think I'd want to kill anybody  
I cared for.

OAKES. (*Laughs*) Well, I wasn't really figuring  
on it myself.

ANN. No, let me live, will you?

OAKES. Oh, sure. (*Suddenly darkens*) But you  
know, Ann, I've got an awful jealous streak in my  
makeup. And you have one particular friend that  
I think I could kill with pleasure.

ANN. (*Surprised*) Me! Who?

OAKES. Bob Metcalf.

ANN. Bobby!

OAKES. Yes, Bobby. There without exception  
is the prize saphead of——

ANN. (*Bristles, defends him*) What's the matter with Bob?

OAKES. Well, look at him, that's enough, isn't it?

ANN. I've never seen anything wrong with him.

OAKES. He's all wrong, all he does is play around, never did a stroke of work in his life. Oh, I don't know, I've always hated him. (*Rises, turns up c.*) Just naturally despise him.

ANN. Well, you're all wrong. Because Bob's a sweet boy.

OAKES. (*L. of piano*) Yes, you're right, he's awful sweet— (*Coming down to above c.*) Simply awful.

ANN. Well, I like him.

OAKES. (*Little jealous*) You do, huh?

ANN. More than you think.

OAKES. Is that so—seen him lately?

ANN. Oh, not since six o'clock.

OAKES. (*Sore*) Oh, he was here when I phoned, was he?

ANN. (*Laughs*) Yes, he was, was he.

OAKES. (*Murmurs*) The poor stiff.

ANN. Don't call him names, Frank.

OAKES. (*Murmurs*) All right, I won't—but he's such a poor prune.

ANN. Ha, ha, that's exactly what he thinks of you.

OAKES. (*Instantly sore*) Oh, he does?

ANN. Just exactly.

OAKES. Well, he'd better never let me hear him think it.

ANN. Oh, come on, let's talk about something—

OAKES. (*Draws the stool at L. of T.C. forward to sofa, sits facing ANN. Interrupts*) Yes, something pleasant.

ANN. (*Suddenly*) What have you got to tell me; thought you had something important to tell me?

OAKES. (*Manner changes into great excitement, nods*) Terrific!

ANN. Tell me! Tell me!

OAKES. I'll tell you—but first I'm going to give you something.

ANN. What?

OAKES. A present.

ANN. Oh, Frank, you shouldn't buy me a present.

OAKES. No, I suppose I shouldn't.

ANN. (*Eager*) Where is it?

OAKES. Right here. (*Takes out a little case.*)  
Want to see it?

ANN. Well, I'll look at it.

OAKES. All right. (*Opens the box, showing her the ring inside. Cover toward ANN.*)

ANN. (*Surprised*) An engagement ring? (*Turns box around in his hand. OAKES nods.*) Thought you said you bought it for me. Who's the girl?

OAKES. You.

ANN. But we're not engaged.

OAKES. Then let's get engaged. Look at it, isn't that worth getting engaged for?

ANN. It is beautiful.

OAKES. You bet it's beautiful.

ANN. How much did it cost?

OAKES. Cost a lot of money. Let's see if it fits. (*Takes ring out of box, puts box in pocket.*)

ANN. (*Puts hands behind her*) No, we'd better not.

OAKES. Oh, come on, no harm to see if it fits.

ANN. (*Gives him her hand*) Ha, what are you trying to do, buy me?

OAKES. (*Takes her hand*) Fat chance of that. You're going to marry the man you love. (*Quickly*) And that's me. Which finger?

ANN. (*Amused*) That one.

(*SLOWLY Dim Lights.*)

OAKES. All right. Watch now. (*Slides ring on.*)

ANN. (*Amazed*) Look! Just as if it was made for me.

OAKES. Why, certainly. Like it?

ANN. I love it. (*Starts to take it off.*)

OAKES. Don't take it off yet—it's a thrill—just to see it there.

ANN. (*Gazing at the ring*) It's a little thing to mean so much, isn't it?

OAKES. It means a lot—how many have you worn altogether?

ANN. (*Entranced with ring*) Three.

OAKES. I don't doubt it. But if you did wear mine—would it mean any more than the others?

ANN. (*Watching it sparkle*) Well, it's the prettiest.

OAKES. Oh, I know you don't care enough for me yet, but I know you like me better than any one else. (*Softly*) Don't you? (*She doesn't answer, thinking of METCALF. A trifle sharper*) Don't you, Ann?

ANN. (*Faces him*) What?

OAKES. (*Frowns*) You heard me. And listen, Ann, some day, you and I are going to be married.

ANN. (*Rises, crosses to front of L. of table c.*  
OAKES rises, to lower end of sofa) Ha, don't you be so sure.

OAKES. Positive, you don't think I'd bought that ring if I wasn't, do you?

ANN. (*Takes ring off, goes and hands it to him*) Here, you take it back.

OAKES. (*Takes it*) Won't wear it yet, huh?

ANN. No. (*Backing away to R. of arm chair c.*) Not yet. (*He looks discouraged.*) But don't lose it.

OAKES. (*Slips it in vest*) I'll be careful. (*To front of T.C.*) Now, do you want to hear what came my way today?

ANN. (*Goes to him—eager*) Oh, yes, what?

OAKES. I'm a partner in the firm!

ANN. (*Startled*) You're not!



OAKES. Yes, I am!

ANN. (*Enthuses, slaps him on breast, both hands*) Frank, you're not!

OAKES. (*Enthuses*) Yes, I am! Took me in today. Youngest partner ever to make it!

ANN. Why didn't you tell me right away? Why didn't you tell me at first?

OAKES. Ann, are you proud of me, tell me that?

ANN. Proud to death of you!

OAKES. I thought you'd be.

ANN. Is your name up on the door?

OAKES. It will be, in great big letters, too.

ANN. Just as soon as your name is up, I'll come right down and see it.

OAKES. I won't let anybody see it until you see it.

ANN. I know what let's do. Make 'em put a curtain around the painter and unveil him like a statue.

OAKES. Make it a holiday.

ANN. (*Laughs*) Oh, fancy anyone your age getting to be a— Oh, Frank! (*Slaps him on breast with her hands.*)

OAKES. (*Takes her hand*) Thank you, Ann, thank you. (*Slips ring back on her finger.*)

ANN. (*Startled, moves back to R.C.*) What are you doing?

OAKES. (*Both arms go around her and he holds her close*) I love you, Ann, I love you.

ANN. (*Frightened*) Don't, please.

OAKES. (*Holding her closer*) One kiss first!  
(*LIGHTS Dim.*)

ANN. No, no!

OAKES. Just one, or I'll never let you go! (*She lies passive. He kisses her and holds her to him with all his strength. For a moment she struggles to escape, then gives in. After the long kiss, he very slowly takes his lips away, and still holding his arms around her, gazes at her very tenderly. She looks up,*

*bewildered. Softly*) You're mine, Ann—I've won you—you're mine.

ANN. (*Lying in his arms, pleads*) I want to be sure.

OAKES. There's no doubt of it any more. I proved it with that kiss of mine.

ANN. (*A little laugh*) Which one?

OAKES. (*Looking down at her*) There was only one—and that kiss was either going to win or lose you forever. A nice girl either loves or loathes a man after a kiss like that—and the verdict is shining in your eyes. Look. (*Kisses her again. She doesn't try to escape.*) See. (*Smiles at her. She smiles back. Suddenly takes her hands*) And now we'll be married.

ANN. (*Amazed*) Now?

OAKES. Tonight!

ANN. Tonight?

OAKES. This evening.

ANN. It would take me six months to get ready.

OAKES. Six minutes, fine.

ANN. (*Backing toward arm chair R.*) Frank, you must be crazy.

OAKES. (*Follows her*) Oh, Ann, if you have a dear, kind heart, you'll agree to everything and make this the day of my life!

(*READY Lights Up.*)

ANN. (*Breathlessly*) It's hard not to do as you— (*Sits on L. arm of chair R.*)

OAKES. (*Interrupts*) Because you love me and it would hurt you to hurt me. Please—please, sweetheart, day after tomorrow.

ANN. All right, month after next.

OAKES. (*Masterfully*) No! I won't wait that long. If we're going to be married we're going to be married now! That's final!

ANN. (*Rises, crossing to chair at piano, sits*) Well, if you want to call it off, I'm willing.

OAKES. (*To her R., desperately retreats*) Listen, Ann, we're engaged. Month after next, that's all right. Remember, Ann, you promised.

ANN. All right, month after next.

OAKES. (*Relieved*) Oh-h! (*ANN amused, enjoying it all. Then she gets thinking.*) You've certainly had me on the run ever since the first moment we— (*Moves closer to her*) What are you thinking about, dear, me?

ANN. Bob.

OAKES. (*Sours*) Oh.

ANN. Do you realize that I am—that I was very fond of Bob?

OAKES. Yes, it was hard to realize, but—say, this will be a bitter blow to him, won't it?

ANN. I don't know. (*Door bell rings.*)

(*DOOR Bell.*)

OAKES. (*Impatiently*) Now, who's that?

ANN. I don't know.

OAKES. We don't want to see anybody. (*Takes her hand, draws her up.*) Come on up, and break the news to father.

ANN. (*Going with him to stairs*) Aren't you scared?

OAKES. (*Hunches behind her, hands on her shoulders*) No, I'll face him just like this.

ANN. (*Gets from in front of him to L. of him*) No, you don't. You're going in all by yourself.

OAKES. (*On her R., arm around her waist*) No, we'll do everything together, right from the start. (*They go up a couple of steps, stop.*) Listen, Ann, do you think he likes me?

ANN. Well, we'll find out in a minute, won't we?

(*ANN and OAKES exit up the stairs. ANN changes dress to dinner gown. JULIA enters L., crosses above table, L.C., opens front door. METCALF enters, wearing gray business suit, same over-*

*coat, soft hat. GARDNER remains just outside the door.)*

METCALF. Back again, Julia!

JULIA. (*At R. of door*) Yes, sir.

METCALF. Come on in, Jack. (*GARDNER enters, goes down to sofa, wears an overcoat and soft hat, gloves. JULIA closes the door. After furtively looking around*) Julia, has Mr. Oakes gone?

JULIA. Mr. Oakes?

METCALF. Frank Oakes,—you know him.

JULIA. Oh, yes, sir, but I haven't let anybody in since you left, sir.

METCALF. That's great! (*To GARDNER*) I've beat him to it! (*JULIA takes his hat. METCALF goes to GARDNER, takes his hat.*)

GARDNER. (*Taking off gloves*) Good work, Bob.

METCALF. (*Giving GARDNER'S hat to JULIA*) If Miss Jordon's dressing, tell her not to hurry.

JULIA. (*Going to R.*) All right, sir.

METCALF. And tell her that I came out instead of phoning because Mr. Gardner is so anxious to meet her. (*GARDNER laughs.*)

JULIA. (*Amused*) Yes, sir. (*Hangs hats in closet, closes door. Exits upstairs.*)

METCALF. (*Enthuses*) This makes it perfect! Now I'll have her all to myself.

GARDNER. (*Taking off coat*) Yes, that's good engineering, Bob.

METCALF. (*Taking GARDNER'S coat, lays it on piano, lightly*) Sit down, Jack—make yourself at home.

GARDNER. So this is where she lives?

METCALF. (*Takes off coat and lays it on piano*) Yes, and wait until you see her.

GARDNER. (*Sits on sofa*) But this is a hell of a time to call. She'll think you've come for dinner.



METCALF. (*Grimly, crosses to him*) Don't worry, that won't embarrass her any!

GARDNER. No?

METCALF. No, she's a girl who says what she means. (*Sits, stool.*) Oh, Jack, she's the most wonderful—most enchanting—most beautiful——

GARDNER. (*Interrupts*) Yes, you've told me.

METCALF. Have I? I'm going to tell you something else. I haven't gone after her the right way. I've been too—too much of a playmate—you know what I mean—not—not man enough. But it's going to be different from now on. I'm not going to waste any more time. Tonight I'm going to know just where I stand.

GARDNER. How do you stand, anyway?

METCALF. Well, I'll tell you—I was with her all afternoon, see.

GARDNER. (*Amused*) Yeh.

METCALF. And when I was leaving to meet you, well, she seemed to want to see me again tonight.

GARDNER. That sounds good.

METCALF. It *does* sound good, doesn't it?

GARDNER. Great.

METCALF. And get this—right after making an engagement with me for tomorrow—(*Gayly slapping GARDNER*)—as if she couldn't wait until tomorrow to see me.

GARDNER. I get you.

METCALF. Of course, that's the most encouragement I've had yet. It just shows you never should give up.

GARDNER. Never.

METCALF. And tonight, I'm certainly going after her.

GARDNER. (*Hands on BOB's knees*) Listen, do you want a little advice?

METCALF. Yes, sure.

GARDNER. *Do that.*

METCALF. Do what?

GARDNER. Go after her.

METCALF. I will!

GARDNER. But there's some difference between saying it and doing it.

METCALF. You mean——

GARDNER. I mean you haven't quite got that punch in your make-up.

METCALF. (*Starts*) Look here——

GARDNER. Now, don't get sore. I'm saying this to help you.

METCALF. I understand.

GARDNER. I don't know the girl, but she must be pretty fond of you. (*METCALF laughs, slaps GARDNER'S knee.*) She can't pick herself, you know.

METCALF. That's right!

GARDNER. It's up to you.

METCALF. You mean walk in and take her.

GARDNER. *Run and grab her.*

METCALF. That's right. (*Rises c.*) That's right—*run and grab her.*

GARDNER. Tell me, Bob, how does Oakes stand?

METCALF. Oakes—oh, he hasn't got a chance.

GARDNER. Sure, are you?

METCALF. Positive.

GARDNER. (*Thinking*) Rather a forceful fellow.

METCALF. He's a brute.

GARDNER. (*Thinking*) But forceful—I'll bet you women like him.

METCALF. They may think they do, but they really don't. He's a brute, I tell you. (*Goes toward foot of stairs*) And well—I don't like him.

GARDNER. (*Smiles*) Never mind you. *Does she like him?*

METCALF. (*At R. of piano chair*) Oh, she may *think* she likes him.

GARDNER. (*Little startled*) Does she admit it?

METCALF. (*Coming back cross to him*) Yes, but it's all right.

GARDNER. Perhaps it is, but if I were you, I'd work awful fast.

METCALF. He's a brute, I tell you.

GARDNER. She may reform him. Work fast, Bob.

METCALF. (*Gayly. Slaps him on shoulder*) Tonight is the night! Here she comes. Wish me luck.

GARDNER. Don't forget, now.

METCALF. Don't worry. (*Sweeps toward stairs.*)

JORDON. (*Enters, comes down stairs—stands near foot of stairs, smoking cigar, meet cross R. of piano chair*) Hello, Bob. Back again, eh? (*GARDNER rises. To above L. of T.C.*)

METCALF. (*Loses pep*) Yes, sir. You know you said to drop in and see you soon, so I——

JORDON. (*To front of R. of piano chair*) Ann will be right down. (*Looks at GARDNER.*)

METCALF. (*L. of JORDON*) Thank you, Mr. Jordon, may I present——

GARDNER. (*METCALF cross to above T.C. GARDNER interrupts, crosses, goes to L. of JORDON, shaking hands*) How are you, Mr. Jordon? My name is Jack Gardner.

JORDON. Glad to meet you, Mr. Gardner.

GARDNER. I can honestly say I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Jordon, because—you can do me a big favor if you want to. (*METCALF above T.C., surprised.*)

JORDON. (*Surprised*) Is that so? How?

GARDNER. I've heard you're a good friend of Harry Martin's. That right, isn't it?

JORDON. Yes, Martin and I are good friends, but we're not associated in business. I have done all my building for the railroad.

GARDNER. Yes, I know that. Everybody in our line knows all about you, Mr. Jordon.

JORDON. Oh, you're an engineer, I see.

GARDNER. Yes, and I'm trying to land that bridge out in Seattle.

JORDON. Oh, yes, yes—Martin is connected with that, isn't he?

GARDNER. He is. And when I heard you were a friend of Bob's, I thought I'd come around and see you about it.

METCALF. (*Whispers, amazed—moves to above arm chair c.*) I thought you came around to see——

GARDNER. (*Interrupts*) Just a minute, Bob. Just a minute. Why, it's like this, Mr. Jordan—next week Martin and his committee are going to select the best model submitted from all the engineers. And mine will be among them.

JORDON. But what can I do for you, Gardner?

METCALF. (*Afraid JORDON will get sore*) Jack, don't bother him now——

GARDNER. Just a minute, Bob.

METCALF. (*Sotto voce*) But I thought you——

GARDNER. Give us a chance, will you? You see, Mr. Jordan, there will be so many models from so many bigger men than I am—(*METCALF goes to sofa—sits*)—that is, bigger reputation—(*Grins kiddingly*)—that mine might not get the right attention. But if I could prove to you that my bridge had a lot of great ideas, then you might tell Martin that a young friend of yours—(*JORDON looks at him, smiles*)—had something that was worth a lot of consideration. I think that's about all I'd need. I think my little model would do the rest.

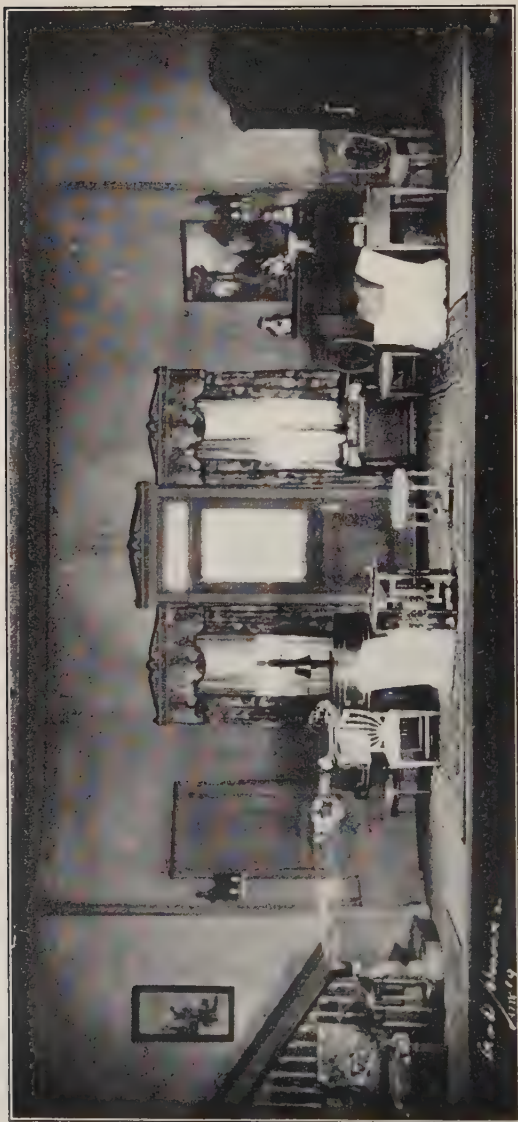
JORDON. (*A little amused by GARDNER*) Well, you think pretty well of it, Gardner, huh?

GARDNER. Yes, and I think you will when you see it. (*METCALF rises, goes to above T.C.*)

JORDON. Well, I'd be glad to do what I could for a friend of Bob's, but I'm afraid——







The Stage of the Ritz Theatre, New York—Set for Acts I, II and III of "In Love With Love"

GARDNER. (*Quickly*) Fine. The next step is to show it to you.

JORDON. (*Doesn't know whether to bawl him out or laugh*) Oh, all right, no harm to that. I'll be glad to see it sometime.

GARDNER. (*Quickly*) All right. I'll bring it around tomorrow. (*METCALF is waiting for a chance to signal GARDNER to lay off.*)

JORDON. (*Kind of laughs*) Well—I'm not quite so sure when I'll be in the office.

GARDNER. Then I'd better bring it around here. (*Reaches out and takes his hand. Shakes hands.*) Thank you, Mr. Jordon, I really appreciate that—(*JORDON gazes at GARDNER with admiration.*)

METCALF. Have you finished?

GARDNER. Oh, sure, Bob—forgot all about— Go to it, I'm sorry— (*Goes up to mantel L.3, then work up to window L.C.*)

METCALF. (*Moves toward him*) Well, the fact of the matter is, Mr. Jordon, you're just the man I want to see, too.

JORDON. Well, I wasn't expecting such popularity. What can I do for you, Bob?

METCALF. Why—you see—er—I've never spoken to you before about—about what I'm going to speak to you about, but it's a matter that closely concerns—I mean it's a matter—but I dare say you understand.

JORDON. (*Coldly*) You mean—

METCALF. Why—yes—no—I mean—if I—if you— (*Turns to GARDNER, who is at table, front of window L.C.*) Want to do this for me?

GARDNER. (*Steps forward to JORDON—grins. METCALF moves up to front of L. side of piano, follow GARDNER down*) Bob's a pal of mine, Mr. Jordon, and I've just been panning him for his—for his reticence, lack of punch—in not going after what he wants.

JORDON. (*Nods*) Like you do.

GARDNER. (*Smiles*) Well—anyway—he wants to know—— (*Whispers to BOB*) What's her name?

METCALF. (*Turns up c.—disgusted—comes back to GARDNER, at his L. Whispers*) Her name is Ann, you idiot! (*Glares at him.*)

GARDNER. (*To JORDON*) And so he wants to know—— (*To METCALF*) Well, hell, do it yourself. (*Turns to mantel. Takes cigarette from package in pocket, lights it.*)

(*READY Door Bell.*)

METCALF. (*Going toward L. of JORDON*) Well, it's this way, Mr. Jordon—— (*GARDNER comes to above the sofa.*) I've never spoken to you about this because I never felt I had hope enough—see what I mean?—Hope—Now I have no regular position—that is, I have no job, I don't do anything. But I have plenty of money, though—Oh, yes, I've got plenty of money, so you needn't worry about that—and tonight as I feel sure, at last, that Ann loves me, I feel it my duty—that is—I'm asking you—for— for her hand. (*JORDON sticks his hand in his pocket and turns and gazes upstairs.*)

GARDNER. (*Goes to METCALF, slaps him on the back*) Congratulate you, Bob.

METCALF. Thank you, Jack. (*ANN enters downstairs. JORDON goes up R. of piano, crosses above to upper R. of sofa, puts ashes of cigar in tray on table L.C. GARDNER goes to L. of T.C., puts cigarette in ash tray. METCALF goes to foot of stairs. Gayly*) Hello, Ann.

ANN. (*Coming down stairs*) My goodness, you got back soon.

METCALF. (*Hurries to stairs, takes her hand*) Oh, Miss Jordon, may I present Mr. Gardner?

ANN. (*Crossing to above arm chair c. Nervous about breaking news to METCALF.*) How do you do. (*Shakes hands.*)

GARDNER. (*To her L.*) Well, I've heard a lot about you, Miss Jordon.

METCALF. (*Front of chair at piano, R. of ANN*) Did I exaggerate any?

ANN. Bob, please——

GARDNER. No, Bob, you had it about right. (*To her*) Usually, Miss Jordon, a fellow is very disappointed in another fellow's girl, but in this case—(*JULIA enters, down the stairs, goes up R. of piano, takes METCALF'S and GARDNER'S coats, hangs them in closet R.3.*)

ANN. (*Interrupts*) Bob, listen——

METCALF. (*To her R.*) No, dear, you listen to me first. (*GARDNER turns up to JORDON at sofa.*) I want you to run up stairs and put on a wrap and we'll all go out for dinner. Golly, but you look lovely.

(*READY Door Bell.*)

ANN. But——

OAKES. (*Enters downstairs, gayly to R. of BOB*) Hello, Bob. (*METCALF glares at OAKES. GARDNER startled.*)

ANN. (*Above arm chair c.*) Mr. Gardner, do you know Mr. —— (*GARDNER steps down L.C.*)

OAKES. (*Goes to him, L.C., crossing below T.C.*) Oh, yes, how are you, Gardner——

GARDNER. (*To L. of T.C.*) Hello, Oakes.

OAKES. Haven't seen you for a long while. Been away? (*METCALF stares at ANN. ANN avoids his eyes, fakes interest in GARDNER'S and OAKES' conversation.*)

GARDNER. Yes, I'm away a lot these days. Just got back. (*JULIA closes door to closet—crosses above. Exit D.L., slowly.*)

OAKES. (*Is below L., of T.C.*) Well, I was expecting to go away tonight myself, but the unexpected has happened. (*To all—stands with back to audience*) I'm very proud to tell you all that Miss Jordon



is going to be my wife. (*Sharp silence hits the room. METCALF, frozen, dimly looks at ANN. She turns, catches his eye for an instant. ANN then crosses L. of piano chair. He moves back toward stair. JULIA at above sofa, in crossing hears, glances at OAKES, continues and exit dining room—closes door. Enjoying it*) Well— isn't some one going to congratulate me?

GARDNER. (*JORDON decides to have no part of it, and behind their backs quietly crosses above piano to R. of it, ready to sneak upstairs.*) Yes, of course, Oakes, congratulations—(*To her L.*)—and happiness, Miss Jordon.

ANN. (*Is L. of chair at piano*) Thank you. (*Still avoids METCALF'S eyes.*)

METCALF. (*Front of R. of chair at piano. After effort*) Yes, of course, I'm going to congratulate you, Frank—

OAKES. (*Briefly*) It's accepted, Bob.

METCALF. (*Unable to look at her now*) Ann, I wish you all the luck and happiness in the world. (*Goes to arm chair R.—sits. Sinks in it.*)

(*DOOR Bell.*)

ANN. (*Goes to front of R. of piano chair. Sorry for him*) Thank you, Bobby. (*METCALF turns away on the verge of breaking down, struggles to keep his courage—sits arm chair R. JORDON sneaks upstairs, exits.*)

(*DOOR Bell Rings.*)

GARDNER. (*Sees METCALF'S condition, to ANN, vociferously to keep METCALF covered*) Well, I wasn't expecting all this excitement, Miss Jordon. I ran out to see your father and—

ANN. (*Interrupts—sits, chair at piano*) Oh, you know my father?

GARDNER. No, that's what I came out for.

OAKES. (*L. of T.C.*) Oh, yes, you're an engineer yourself.

GARDNER. Yes.

(DOOR Bell Again.)

ANN. Did you see him?

GARDNER. (Drop, to above T.C.) Oh, yes. I saw him. He impressed me very favorably, too. Tell me, Oakes, when does the happy event happen? (ANN smiles, takes first slight interest in GARDNER.)

OAKES. Oh, in a couple of weeks.

ANN. Months, Frank, months. (METCALF rises, crosses to door R., back to foots.)

OAKES. Yes, that's all right. Tell me, Mr. Gardner. Are you married?

GARDNER. (Above T.C.) No, up to date, I've managed to, well that is—(Crossing to below sofa, puts cigarette in ash tray.) Nobody wants me. (JULIA enters L., goes to front door.)

OAKES. (For METCALF's benefit) Well, you may think you get a lot of fun out of life, but you'll never know what a real thrill is until the girl you love says yes. (JULIA opens door.)

MARION. (Breezes in. As she passes) Hello, Julia. (To L. of piano. ANN rises to meet her.) Ann, I'm free!

ANN. Marion!

MARION. I won my divorce this afternoon, and I'm free. (All startled. OAKES angry. GARDNER and ANN laugh.)

GARDNER. (To lower R. of sofa) Hello, Marion. (OAKES goes to R. of arm chair c.)

MARION. Jack Gardner! (Sweeps over to him) Why, I can't believe it. When did you get back? Jack, is it really you? You dear! (Kisses him. Others dazed. METCALF to newel post, back to foots. To others) It's perfectly all right; he's just my very best friend. (To GARDNER) Aren't you?

GARDNER. That's right. (JULIA slowly exits L.)

MARION. How perfect to see you again! And today of all days. The happiest day of my life.

ANN. (*To her R., touches her arm to attract her attention*) Marion, when did you get it?

MARION. (*Sits on stool, L.C., facing ANN*) This afternoon. The quickest and easiest release a prisoner ever— Oh, Ann, don't ever get married.

OAKES. (*Is R. of arm chair c.*) Marion!

MARION. I'm not talking to you, Frank!

OAKES. But Ann is engaged! (*METCALF, standing, crosses c. to front of R. of chair at piano, back to foots, handling music book.*)

MARION. What? (*Giggles*) Oh, that's funny. Oh, Jack, isn't that funny? Ann, dear, you know I haven't said a single word since I've been here. Not a single word.

OAKES. That's funny.

MARION. Oh, shut up, Frank, where's your sense of humor? (*Meaningly*) But I know what's troubling you.

OAKES. What? (*As she speaks to ANN, goes up to L. of piano.*)

MARION. (*Rising to ANN*) Ann, dearest, all my sincere congratulations.

ANN. (*Amused*) Thank you, Marion. (*They kiss, cross front C.T. to R. of it.*)

MARION. (*To METCALF. MARION crosses to below chair at piano, hand outstretched to METCALF. ANN sits arm chair c.*) And Bob, really, I know you and Ann will be as happy— (*All startled. GARDNER catches ANN's eye as she looks at him.*)

METCALF. (*Turns to her—has better control, quietly takes her hand*) Thanks—thanks very much, Marion, but you see, you've guessed wrong. (*METCALF goes to L. of arm chair R.*)

MARION. (*Stunned*) What! (*To OAKES, dumb-founded*) Oh, my God, she isn't going to marry you?

OAKES. (*L. of piano*) That is, if you don't mind.

MARION. (*Recovers, goes to OAKES, offers her hand*) Oh, no hard feelings, Frank, I'm only—you know.

OAKES. (*Shaking hands*) Yes, I know. (*Slowly crosses above piano to R. of it.*)

MARION. (*Cross down back of c.t.*) Well, Ann, I guess you won't want me for dinner now, so I'll—

ANN. (*Sitting armchair c., interrupts, takes her hand*) Marion, don't be silly. Of course I do—I—I want you all to stay.

OAKES. (*Steps to R. of piano, to METCALF, gleefully*) Yes, how about it, Bob?

GARDNER. (*Quickly to L. of T.C.*) Thanks, very much, Miss Jordon, but Bob has promised me the evening, and we—

MARION. (*Interrupts*) Oh, Jack, don't leave me alone with them.

GARDNER. What do you say, Bob?

METCALF. (*L. of armchair R., effort*) Why, yes, I'll be glad to help celebrate Ann's happiness.

MARION. (*Touched*) That's sweet, Bob. (*Gives BOB all her sympathy.*)

GARDNER. (*L. of T.C.*) Well, then, Miss Jordon, I guess it's a party.

OAKES. (*Near foot of stairs*) But it wouldn't be one without Bob here.

MARION. (*Crossing to front of piano chair, to R. of ANN*) It's a double celebration! (*To ANN*) Have I time to make up a little?

ANN. (*Rising, going to stairs with MARION*) Yes, of course. Oh, Frank, you ask Julia to get you some Scotch.

OAKES. (*At upper side of stairs*) Oh, fine, thanks, dear. Hurry back.

MARION. (*Above ANN on the stairs*) Oh, Jack, it's good to see you again. (*METCALF is front of newel post.*)

GARDNER. (*Laughs*) Hurry back. (*ANN and MARION start upstairs.*)

OAKES. And Marion, never mind telling Ann what you think about marriage.

MARION. Don't worry, Frank, I'll just tell her how nice it is. (*To ANN*) And really, Ann, the first two weeks are simply divine. (*Puts her arm around ANN and they kiddingly exit upstairs. METCALF front of newel post, turns, follows her with his eyes, comes to foot of stairs, looking after her. Pause as OAKES gazes at METCALF with little grin. GARDNER frowns as he watches OAKES, sits on arm R. of arm-chair, c., facing R.*)

OAKES. (*Front of piano chair*) Oh, Scotch was mentioned, yes? You can stand one, can't you, Bob?

METCALF. (*Turns to him*) Wh-what?

OAKES. Scotch.

METCALF. Scotch? Oh, yes, yes.

OAKES. Yes, I think you can. (*Crossing to L. I doors*) Oh, Julia. (*Exit L., METCALF staggers to piano R. of chair.*)

GARDNER. (*Rises, goes quickly to L. of him*) Be game now.

METCALF. (*Almost breaks*) I can't stand it!

GARDNER. Let's get out!

METCALF. I can't.

GARDNER. Do you want to stay?

METCALF. Good God, no!

GARDNER. Listen! He's giving you the rawest deal I've ever seen. You can't let him get away with it! He's trying to break you. Don't let him get away with it! You'll never forgive yourself!

METCALF. I'll do my best. (*Crossing, goes up to window L. of D.C. GARDNER to above table c.*)

OAKES. (*Enters with quart, cross to upper L. of L. of table L.C., leaves dining room door open*) Julia bringing soda for you, Bob. Oh, you'll find everything here. Ann and I keep open house for our



friends. (*Slaps quart on upper end of table. Clears table for tray and to get things out of the way, puts the telephone book and other books on cabinet.*)

GARDNER. Well, no one can call you superstitious.

OAKES. What do you mean, superstitious?

GARDNER. Well, if I had a contract to build a bridge—(*JULIA enters L. with a red lacquer tray containing three highball glasses, a bottle of soda in silver holder, a bowl of cracked ice and spoon*)—I don't think I'd count it up—until she was over the river. (*Sits on R. arm of armchair C.*)

OAKES. (*Indicating*) Here, Julia. (*JULIA lays tray on table, L.C., exits L.*) When a man like me becomes engaged, you can back all your bridges that he marries the girl. Come on, Bob, join us. (*Removes cork from bottle. To GARDNER*) Help yourself.

GARDNER. No, thanks, I'm on the wagon.

OAKES. What's the matter?

GARDNER. I'm broke.

OAKES. Yes?

GARDNER. Yes, I'm between bridges.

OAKES. Well, Bob and I'll cross over for you. (*Grimly*) Come on, Bob, I've been waiting a long while for this.

METCALF. (*With sudden recklessness, coming to R. of sofa*) All right, well, here I am.

OAKES. If you prefer rye—(*Pouring for METCALF.*)

METCALF. No, thanks, this is all right. (*GARDNER watches them, expecting trouble.*)

OAKES. Soda?

METCALF. No soda.

OAKES. None for me. (*Pours whisky. METCALF starts to drink.*) Wait. (*METCALF waits.*) Aren't we going to have a little toast?

METCALF. A toast? Yes, yes—to her.

OAKES. To her. (*They quickly toss it down. Reaching over to pour*) Another?

METCALF. Thanks, yes, I haven't begun yet. (*GARDNER more afraid of trouble. OAKES pours for METCALF.*)

OAKES. Well, it's good whiskey. (*Pours his own glass.*)

METCALF. Excellent. This time what?

OAKES. To her father.

METCALF. To her father.

OAKES. Our father. (*They toss it down. Both reach for the bottle. Their eyes meet and they glare at each other. OAKES, with both hands, wrests the bottle from METCALF. Then offers it to him*) Help yourself.

METCALF. Thanks. (*Pours.*)

GARDNER. (*Rises, cross L. of T.C. Worried*) Hey, Bob.

METCALF. (*Pouring recklessly*) Hello, Jack, are you still here? (*Puts bottle on table.*)

GARDNER. Where do you fellows think you are, in a bar?

OAKES. (*Pouring*) Don't worry, Gardner, I'm a member of the family. Come on, Bob, it's your turn now.

METCALF. (*Waving glass at GARDNER*) To Jack's bridge.

OAKES. To bridge—that Jack built. (*They toss it down.*) One more. One more. (*Reaching over with bottle.*)

GARDNER. Come on, Oakes, you'd better——

METCALF. (*Holding glass forward*) At least!

OAKES. (*Pouring*) 'Tis strange stuff! What else draws success and failure face to face. Here's to us!

METCALF. And to the game we've played. (*They toss it down.*)

OAKES. Yes, and now that it's over, I'm going to

surprise you. (*GARDNER sits on L. of T.C.*) I'm going to show you how generous I can be to a good loser. I'm going to honor you. I'm going to give you something to look forward to. I'm going to promise you right now—(*Laughs gloatingly*)—that if it's a boy, we'll call him Bob.

METCALF. (*Tries to hold up, but crumples onto sofa with groan*) God!

GARDNER. (*Quickly to METCALF, pats him on shoulder and takes the glass from his hand, puts it on table.*) That's pretty rotten, Oakes.

OAKES. What's it got to do with you?

METCALF. (*Brokenly*) Damn him! Damn him!

GARDNER. Nothing, but I wish it had.

OAKES. I'll give you a special permit, if you want it. (*Others heard coming down stairs.*)

MARION. (*Laughs off—upstairs*) Oh, he was a nice old judge.

GARDNER. (*Drop R. of METCALF. Quickly gets METCALF to his feet, stands at sofa. Spoken during MARION speech*) Come on, Bob, they're coming! Get on to yourself! (*OAKES laughs at METCALF's condition. GARDNER goes to front of piano.*)

MARION. Much too nice. (*Enters on JORDON's arm, down stage of JORDON. As they come down the stairs. ANN follows them.*) Afterwards when I thanked him, he asked me to go to lunch tomorrow and talk over my future.

JORDON. The old reprobate! (*At foot of stairs.*)

OAKES. (*Is front of table L.C.*) Well, Bob and I just celebrated our future. I hope, father, you don't mind a bottle of Scotch.

JORDON. (*Crossing front to L. of T.C.*) No, I guess everything I have now, Frank, belongs to you. (*METCALF gasps aloud, goes up toward window L.C. They pretend they didn't hear and start talking at once, except OAKES. GARDNER goes up to R. of METCALF, ANN goes up to front of L. of piano. Talking,*

*at same time producing a babble. METCALF is up L. of door c., his back to them. All sorry for METCALF and trying to cover him. Spoken in unison.)*

JORDON. *(Crossing to OAKES, who is front of table L.C. OAKES takes bottle from table. JORDON takes it from him)* Do you like this Scotch, Frank?

MARION. *(Standing front of arm chair)* Jack, I'm so eager to hear about your trip. Did he tell you about it, Ann?

OAKES. *(To JORDON. Keeping his eye on METCALF and enjoying it)* Oh, that's immense.

ANN. *(To MARION. L. of piano)* No, I have never met Mr. Gardner before. *(GARDNER coming slowly down to below and L. of ANN, keeping his eyes on METCALF, catches ANN's eye as he turns.)*

JORDON. *(To OAKES. R. of front of sofa)* Well, I think I've got the best bootlegging system you ever heard of. I have a friend in London who imports it direct, and I have a hotel friend here who picks it up with his own hydroplane, though I suppose the pirates will be getting those fellows in the air next. *(Puts the bottle on table. METCALF, scarcely able to control himself, opens the front door, starts to go out, but closes the door, wanders over toward mantel.)* It's got so that the most brilliant minds in the country are competing. I don't know how it's all coming out. *(Turning slowly and catches METCALF out of corner of eye)* So in the meanwhile I'm taking no chances and stocking right up to the roof.

MARION. *(Sits on R. arm of arm chair c., faces L.)* Oh, you haven't—how funny.

ANN. *(Laughs)* Knowing me so well—— It is funny knowing you so.

GARDNER. *(Coming down to about T.C.)* But I'm away about ten months out of the year now.

ANN. It must be very exciting, Mr. Gardner. I know. Daddy would rather build a trestle than . . .

GARDNER. (*To ANN*) Yes, there's really nothing like it.

MARION. (*To GARDNER*) You do love it, don't you? Remember how you told me once.

GARDNER. (*To MARION*) Yes, but understand, I'm only an assistant engineer to date. But what I like about a bridge is—because it's real—as real as mud and yet as fanciful as a castle in the air.

MARION. A castle in the mud. (*All laugh. JORDON, as he finishes lines, sees that METCALF is no better, interrupts the other group, independent of their lines, addresses them all. As JORDON speaks, GARDNER goes up toward METCALF.*)

JORDON. (*At R. of lower end of sofa*) I've been bragging to Frank about my cellar; guess I'd be more popular if I did more and said less. So what do you say to a cocktail before dinner? (*All are wise. He turns toward dining room. Cross front to L.*)

GARDNER. Great, that sounds fine. (*Goes up to METCALF, hand on his shoulder. ANN goes up to L. of front of piano, eyes on BOB.*)

MARION. (*Crossing to front of table c.*) That's exactly what I need. (*All except GARDNER avoid METCALF as if he wasn't there. METCALF doesn't move, still on the verge of tears.*)

OAKES. (*Goes up to back of ANN, attempts to put his arms about her*) Hello, sweetheart, haven't seen you for so long . . . (*ANN avoids it, goes to front of sofa.*)

MARION. (*At lower L. of table L.C., sees the above, crossing front to D.L.*) Let me mix it, I mix the best. (*At lower L. of T.C., turns to GARDNER, who drops above table L.C.*) Don't I, Jack?

GARDNER. (*Ad lib.*) You bet you do.

JORDON. (*At door L.*) Wait till you try mine.

MARION. (*Crossing L., goes out*) Oh, please let me.



JORDON. We shan't fight, we'll both mix one.  
(*Exits with MARION to dining room. ANN follows, L. exit.*)

OAKES. We'll all mix one. (*Looking at METCALF and GARDNER, as he goes*) What a party this has turned out to be. (*Follows the others into dining room. GARDNER follows others to door. METCALF tries to follow, crossing above the table. He can't make it, drops into chair at L. of table, L.C., head in his arms on table. GARDNER turns at door to see if he is coming, closes door, hurries to METCALF, stands above him.*)

GARDNER. My God, Bob!

METCALF. (*Almost sobbing*) I—I can't help it.

GARDNER. (*Savagely*) You've got to help it! Do you want her around bragging how she had you weeping at her feet?

ANN. (*Enters L., very sorry for him, stands below and L. of him*) Oh, Bob, don't feel like that about it.

METCALF. (*Averts his face*) Oh, Ann, how could you!

ANN. I do care. I—oh, but Bob—I know you'll soon forget all about me—there are so many other girls.

METCALF. (*Rising, crossing below to R. of sofa. Keeping face averted*) That's perfectly silly. And you know it. I'll never forget, never, never!

GARDNER. (*In above T.L.C. Surprised, gently*) Well, that's rather fine of you to say that, Miss Jordon.

ANN. No, it isn't. I'm not a bit nicer than a lot of girls that Bob knows— (*Crossing to R. of lower end of sofa*) He only thinks I am because he's been with me so much.

METCALF. (*Sits armchair c. Murmurs*) That's not true.

GARDNER. (*Gently, crossing to METCALF*) But

yes, Bob, she's right—there are a lot of girls, you know—just as pretty as Miss Jordon—and just as nice. (*ANN looks at him a little coolly.*) Why, who was that girl you were so crazy about last year? Gladys—Glad—a lovely thing—— You forgot all about her, didn't you? (*ANN cooler.*)

METCALF. That's got nothing to do with it.

GARDNER. (*Is above T.C.*) Oh, yes it had. You know, Bob, old famous sayings aren't famous for nothing. They're based on a lot of truth and one of the truest of them all is that one about—a lot of fish still left in the sea. (*Turns to her. ANN trying not to be piqued.*) You're absolutely right, Miss Jordon.

ANN. (*Drawing herself up*) I know I am, but I don't think it's very nice of you to call a girl a fish.

GARDNER. Oh, well, it's only a—call 'em mermaids, if you want, anyhow the fact remains that men and women forget each other no matter how fine they are. At that, I've never met a more sensible girl than you, Miss Jordon. The average girl your age wouldn't admit she was only a passing fancy. I can give you a lot of credit for it.

ANN. (*Aloofly*) I'm not interested in your opinion of me.

GARDNER. No, I know that, but the average girl has such a ridiculous opinion of herself. She doesn't think a fellow can ever forget, and that's such a joke. (*A little boisterously, slapping METCALF'S shoulder*) Why, Bob, old boy, you'll have a new sweetheart next month, don't you worry. And when you and Miss Jordon meet on the street, you'll both laugh about it and wonder what it was all about. (*Faces her, laughing, cross L. of table*) Am I right? (*ANN draws herself up to full height, gives him a withering look, then goes toward dining room. Exits. Stops laughing, stares after her.*)

METCALF. (*Mumbles to himself, looks up*) Where is she?

(WARN.)

GARDNER. Blown.

METCALF. No wonder. (*Starting to cry again*) You ought to be ashamed of yourself to tell her that!

GARDNER. What did I tell her?

METCALF. How lucky I was to lose her.

GARDNER. (*Going to front of sofa*) You're crazy.

METCALF. Lot you know about girls.

GARDNER. I guess I know as much as you, at that. (METCALF blubbers.) Good God, stop crying, will you.

METCALF. I've lost her! The most wonderful girl in the world.

GARDNER. What's wonderful about her?

METCALF. She's the only girl I'll ever want. The only girl I'll ever really love.

GARDNER. (*Interrupts with sudden drive, cross L. of T.*) Then what's the matter with you? If you've got to have her, *keep after her!* Hell, she's only engaged!

METCALF. (*Face him. Startled, stares at GARDNER, his sobs stopping instantly*) You mean——?

GARDNER. (*Briskly*) Don't lay down and quit. Get back in the game. You've got two months. I saw the world change hands in two days.

METCALF. (*Hopefully*) Jack, you don't mean . . .

GARDNER. Of course I mean it. Keep after her. Keep after her every second. Don't give her time to breathe. Shadow her.

METCALF. (*Getting hope*) Shadow her? When?

GARDNER. Now!

METCALF. Now?

GARDNER. Now! Begin now— (*To upper L. of table C., leaning over it to BOB*) Go in there and cut loose. Be the life of the party. Dominate!



IN LOVE WITH LOVE





METCALF. Dominate? (*Rises, getting excited*)  
You're right! You're right!

GARDNER. Of course I'm right. And listen, Bob, you want to get sore. It will help drive you along. Remember what Oakes said. If it's a boy, we'll call him Bob.

METCALF. (*Instantly sore*) Damn him, I'll go in there and— (*Starts to cross to dining room.*)

GARDNER. (*Stops him, get L. of him*) Wait a minute—don't let him know you're sorry. Baffle 'em! Laugh and be merry!

METCALF. I see. I see. I'll get him! I'll take Ann away from him if it's the last thing I do, so help me— (*Crosses toward dining room. GARDNER grabs his arm as he passes, stops him, turning him to him.*)

GARDNER. (*Interrupts*) Stand still, you can't go in that way. (*Fixes his tie, etc.*)

METCALF. (*Front of sofa*) What are you doing? I'm all right.

GARDNER. Wait a minute, wait a minute. (*Takes handkerchief from breast pocket, wets it, dabs tears from METCALF'S cheeks, returns handkerchief to pocket.*) All set? (*Gives METCALF a quick look.*)

METCALF. Sure, I'm all right.

GARDNER. Then laugh. (*METCALF makes a sickly attempt.*) Come on, be a good fellow, laugh, laugh right out loud.

METCALF. I'm laughing, I'm laughing.

GARDNER. Laugh as if you meant it. (*METCALF tries again.*) Laugh, you damn fool, laugh. (*They gayly exit into dining room as the Curtain Falls.*)

## THE CURTAIN FALLS

*First Call*—JORDON, MARION, OAKES, ANN.

*Second Call*—GARDNER, METCALF, ANN.

*Third Call*—GARDNER, ANN, METCALF, OAKES.

*Fourth Call*—Company.

## ACT II

DISCOVERED: GARDNER is sitting at L. of table L.C. working on his blue prints. JORDON is standing above R. him, looking on, smoking cigar.

AT RISE: As curtain rises, GARDNER rises, has a blue print in his hand and indicates to JORDON.

GARDNER. (*Rises—indicates*) See.

JORDON. (*Standing above GARDNER looking on. Nods*) —Uh—huh.

GARDNER. (*Indicates blue print*) Think I'm right!

JORDON. Looks pretty good.

GARDNER. See the strength it gives. Why, you could cross the ocean on it.

JORDON. (*Indicates room R., by a glance*) You're sure you've got all this new stuff represented on the model!

GARDNER. Practically. That's why I didn't bring the model around before. (*Sits again, chair L. of table L.C.*) Oh, I'll have everything ready to show to Mr. Martin tomorrow.

JORDON. Well, you've done a lot of good work this week.

GARDNER. No more than you've done for me. I certainly appreciate everything, sir.

(*DOOR Bell Rings.*)

JORDON. You know, I think you're going to put it over. Honestly I do.

GARDNER. Don't tell me that, you'll have me all excited.

JORDON. That's the way it looks to me. (*Looks at watch—crossing to c.*) Well, I'll go up and dress.

(Cross R. to stairs. Turns to GARDNER. JULIA enters from L. going to front door.) And see if you can have that finished before I go. (*Indicates blue print.*)

GARDNER. I'll have it. (*Works.* JORDON exits upstairs. JULIA opens front door.)

METCALF. (*Enters D.C. confidentially*) Miss Jordon in, Julia?

JULIA. No, sir. (*Takes his hat.*)

GARDNER. (*Looks up*) Hello, Bob.

METCALF. (*Surprised*) Jack! (*Goes down to R. of sofa.* JULIA closes front door, puts hat on piano, crosses L.)

GARDNER. How are you?

METCALF. What are you doing here?

GARDNER. (*Indicates work*) Been here every day this week.

METCALF. Oh, with Mr. Jordon. Got him interested in the bridge, huh!

GARDNER. Sure.

METCALF. That's fine, how's it coming? (*Looks at JULIA as she crosses and exits L.*)

GARDNER. I'll know tomorrow. What do you know?

METCALF. Well—I—I think I've done it. I think I'm going to win her back.

GARDNER. You do!

METCALF. Yes, I do—really. Oh—that was great advice, Jack.

GARDNER. Oh, you bet.

METCALF. And I've followed it. I've worked like a dog. I've worked day and night. I've bribed Julia, the maid here, and if it isn't the front door—(*Points to door*)—I'm in the back door. (*Points L.*) The first moment she's alone, we're together. I've kept after her every second! I've shadowed her! Why, I could get a job with any detective agency in the country. (*Holds foot up.*) Look!

GARDNER. What?

METCALF. Rubber!

GARDNER. (*Amused*) And you're gaining?

METCALF. She's always glad to see me, but you know she pretends she isn't.

GARDNER. I see?

METCALF. (*Sits on sofa. Little discouraged*) But I don't know. Confident one minute, discouraged the next— (*GARDNER rises, crosses above couch.*) I wish I'd never seen her.

GARDNER. (*Patting him on the shoulder*) But she's worth the trouble. (*Crossing to above T.C. picks up blue print there*) I've seen a lot of her this week—and she's worth winning. (*Turns to him*) She's a fine girl, Bob.

METCALF. My God, don't you go and get stuck on her.

GARDNER. (*Smiles*) Don't worry. (*Indicates work*) I'm having enough troubles of my own. Tell me, how does she act when she's with you?

METCALF. As if she'd made a terrible mistake, but had to live up to it.

GARDNER. Does she admit it?

METCALF. Not in words.

GARDNER. (*Crossing with the blue print to chair L. Sits. Commences work again*) That's the next step. Make her admit it.

METCALF. That the next step? Make her admit it?

GARDNER. Ah—ha!

METCALF. I'll make her admit it tonight.

GARDNER. (*Works*) Oh, got a date with her, eh?

METCALF. No, no—but— (*Rises, goes up to window at L. of C. Points outdoors to L. Enthused*) See that big tree across the street?

GARDNER. What tree?

METCALF. You must have seen it, it's got a great

big trunk—like this. (*Spreads arms. Coming down to above T.L.C.*)

GARDNER. What of it?

METCALF. (*Above table—L.C.*) That's where I live.

GARDNER. (*Laughs*) Up a tree?

METCALF. (*Frowning*) No, worse than that, behind it. I've stood behind that damned tree for hour after hour after hour, waiting for Frank to get out of here. Finally a cop came up and asked me if I wanted to buy it. Said trees were selling cheap this week, you know—thought I was a nut.

GARDNER. (*Laughs*) You certainly go after what you want.

METCALF. (*Sore*) Yes, but a girl certainly can make a fool out of a fellow. Think of me standing behind a tree all day. (*Goes to c.*)

GARDNER. (*Working*) Is Frank on to all of this?

METCALF. He's never caught me with her, but he must feel something. Saw him yesterday and he asked me if I had seen Ann lately. No, said I; don't, said he.

GARDNER. Another good sign, you've got him worried. Keep it up.

METCALF. Keep him worried? Yes, I guess you're right. And tonight I'll make her admit she's made a mistake, and command her to call it off.

GARDNER. That's the idea.

METCALF. (*Kneels on sofa—leaning over back to GARDNER*) And even if she hesitates, I'll know that— (*Stops, startled, and grabs GARDNER'S arm*) Listen!

GARDNER. (*His arm joggled, mismarks blue print, sharply*) What?

METCALF. I hear her coming!

GARDNER. Look what you've done!

METCALF. Never mind that, she's coming. (*Hurries up to window L. of D.C.*)



GARDNER. Grab something else next time.

METCALF. (*Looks furtively out*) Oakes is with her!

GARDNER. Take some time to fix that.

METCALF. Looks like the back door for mine.

GARDNER. That was about as unnecessary——

METCALF. He may not come in, though—(*Roots*) Keep out of here, Oakes, keep out, I tell you, keep out, keep out, keep—Ah!

GARDNER. (*Looks at him*) Well, say, you poor nut——

METCALF. (*Comes down R. of sofa. Triumphantly*) She's coming in, alone!

GARDNER. (*Sore*) How do you get that way?

METCALF. That's love, love does that to you. Watch this, now, watch this. (*Opens front door, stands on R.*) Come right in, Ann, come right in.

ANN. (*Enters impatiently*) Bob—for Heaven's sake. (*Brighthens, goes to upper R. of sofa*) Hello!

GARDNER. Hello! (*ANN kneels on sofa, interested in GARDNER'S work.*)

METCALF. I was terrified Frank was coming in—I saw him drive up with you—*(Closing door, as OAKES enters, almost being shut out by door, instantly sore as he sees METCALF, has ANN'S purse in his hand. ANN rises.)* Oh—ah, hello, not trying to shut you out, you know, just shutting the door. Come in. Come in. (*GARDNER chuckles to himself. OAKES comes in a step.*)

ANN. (*Uncomfortable*) Want me, Frank?

OAKES. (*At L. of C. just inside door*) You left your purse. (*Offers it, still glaring at METCALF.*)

ANN. (*Cross up, get it, cross down R. of sofa*) Oh, thank you. (*Takes it—drops it on sofa.*)

GARDNER. How are you, Oakes?

OAKES. (*Not interested*) Hello, Gardner. (*Still glares at METCALF.*)

(*READY Phone.*)

METCALF. (*Hand still on door knob*) That's a nice, careless thing to do, Ann, leave your purse in the car. But Ann was always like that. (*To OAKES*) Money means nothing to her. No sense of financial responsibility whatever. She'd appreciate a dollar if she had to work for it like—you do— (*OAKES folds arms, glares at him.*) I mean like I do—well like . . . (*His voice dies away. Closes door. Goes to L. of piano.*)

OAKES. (*Quietly*) What are you doing here?

METCALF. Who, me? Oh, nothing, nothing at all. Jack had to see Mr. Jordon again today and he asked me to come along, that's all. (*OAKES crosses and lays his hat on piano. Raises eyebrows, lightly*) Any objections? (*OAKES knows he's a liar. ANN shakes head a little at GARDNER that METCALF is hopeless. GARDNER grins back at her. ANN starts to take cloak off.*) Allow me, Ann. (*Crosses to above ANN'S R.*)

OAKES. I'll take it, Ann. (*Cross to R. of METCALF.*)

METCALF. I'll take it—I got it. (*ANN takes off hat, lays it on upper R. of table L.C.*)

ANN. (*Turns to look at blue prints, kneels on sofa—leaning forward. OAKES and METCALF still struggling for coat, look at each other. Then OAKES yanks it away and lays it down, over back of arm chair C.*) Almost finished?

GARDNER. Almost finished.

METCALF. I'll be glad for one when it's finished. It's all Jack talks about from one day's end to the next. Oh, well, I suppose I'd be the same way, if I had his talent. (*Taking off overcoat and tossing it on chair with ANN'S coat. OAKES watches METCALF take coat off, then grabs it away from ANN'S coat, throws it on chair at piano. OAKES then takes off his coat, lays it on L. of piano.*)

ANN. (*Kneeling on sofa, turns to OAKES and METCALF*) Let's have some tea or something.

METCALF. (*Goes to her—eagerly*) Yes, I don't mind—

OAKES. (*Quickly cross to R. of METCALF*) No, it's too late.

METCALF. (*Turns, finds OAKES close to his R., taking package from pocket*) Cigarette, Frank?

OAKES. No. (*Goes to R. of arm chair c.*)

METCALF. (*Sits on stool L. of T.C.*) Hello, Ann. Well, how have you been, eh? (*ANN sits sofa. OAKES glares at METCALF, sits arm chair c.*) Haven't seen you, must be a week, yes—yes—that's what it is, a week, at least. (*ANN frowns at him. METCALF glances over his R. shoulder at OAKES—expecting something*) What a busy week this has been for me. (*Telephone on cabinet rings. Crossing to phone*) I'll answer that.

(PHONE.)

ANN. (*Crossing above to phone*) I'll take it.

METCALF. Oh, I'll take it. (*In phone*) Hello!

OAKES. (*Rises—cross to lower R. of sofa*) Wait a minute.

METCALF. (*Continues*) Oh, hello, Marion, this is Bob. Yes, he's here, too, come around and see us.

OAKES. (*Going to front of sofa*) No! Ann, take it! Give it to her.

ANN. (*R. of METCALF. Reaches for phone*) Give it, give it, give it to me.

METCALF. (*Has been listening, then speaks again*) It isn't for you.

ANN. (*To OAKES*) It isn't for me.

METCALF. He's right here, sure. Jack, it's Marion. She wants to speak to you.

ANN. (*To top of L.C.T. to GARDNER*) She wants to speak to you.

GARDNER. (*Goes to phone*) Yeh? (*OAKES goes to above stool L. of C.T.*)

METCALF. (*Offering phone*) How did she know you were here?

GARDNER. (*Takes phone*) Don't be so curious. (*ANN leans against the upper L. side of T.L.C. GARDNER in phone*) Hello, Marion—yeh—all right, fine—let's see— (*METCALF at left of GARDNER, trying to hear MARION'S voice in phone. GARDNER, wise, moves backward, pushing METCALF away.*) I'll call you up around seven. What? Why, sure—all right. Bye, bye. (*Rings off and looks at METCALF. METCALF places phone on cabinet. METCALF looks back with a knowing little grimace.*)

ANN. (*Glad*) She's not coming over, then?

METCALF. (*Quickly, before GARDNER can answer*) No! (*Lights cigarette. GARDNER looks at him, laughs.*)

GARDNER. (*To ANN*) No, she's downtown. (*GARDNER again sits—ready to resume work.*)

OAKES. It's just as well. I'd rather that you didn't see her, Ann.

ANN. Why not?

GARDNER. (*Looks up*) Yes, why not, Oakes?

METCALF. (*Below and L. of GARDNER. Punches GARDNER in back. To ANN and GARDNER*) Ha, ha, they don't like each other.

OAKES. That's nothing to do with it. But I don't think she's a good companion for you, Ann, under the circumstances. (*GARDNER gazing at OAKES.*)

ANN. (*Crossing above to R. of sofa*) Just because she's divorced?

OAKES. Jim Sears treated her all right. He's a good fellow and he was a good husband.

METCALF. Nothing of the kind, he was a bum husband and he didn't treat her right.

OAKES. (*Sneers*) What do you know about it?

METCALF. (*Wisely*) More than you think.

ANN. (*Kneeling on sofa. Curious*) Come on, Bobby, tell us.

METCALF. (*Lowers voice*) Well, promise you won't repeat this——

ANN. (*Very curious*) Yep.

METCALF. (*With inference*) Well, he bored her. (*ANN sits on sofa, laughs. OAKES sore. GARDNER amused. METCALF to left a step.*)

OAKES. (*Above stool. Sore*) What are you trying to do, kid me?

METCALF. (*Coming back, L. of GARDNER*) No, that's just what happened. Sears got on her nerves and that's enough to drive any woman crazy. (*Looks meaningly at ANN.*)

OAKES. (*Grimly*) Well, if I'd been Sears, I wouldn't have bored her any. I'd have given her all the excitement she wanted. I'd have shot her lover down before her eyes.

METCALF. (*Startled*) Eh—eh—You don't mean you'd—kill a man!

OAKES. Any man take a girl from me and I'd kill him in a minute.

METCALF. (*Murmurs*) That's blood-thirsty enough for you. (*Going to L., leans against lower side of door, L., back to foots.*)

ANN. (*A little chilled*) Frank, you don't mean that?

OAKES. Don't I?

GARDNER. (*Looking up from work*) But what do you mean by a lover, Oakes? There was no lover in this Sears' case.

OAKES. There's a lover in every case.

GARDNER. Oh, you mean you're only speaking——

OAKES. What do you know about it? It all happened while you were away.

GARDNER. Yes, but I've been back a week. And Marion's told me all about it.

OAKES. (*Smiles*) And you believed her?

GARDNER. (*Quietly*) Yes, I believed her. You've

got no right to talk like that. And I don't mind telling you I resent it. (*A hush.*)

OAKES. Well, yes, that was a little rough. (*Turning to above T.C.*) You're quite right, Gardner.

GARDNER. All right, Oakes, we'll let it go at that. But you might as well know that *she* got the divorce from *him*.

METCALF. You know—(*To GARDNER—hand on his shoulder*)—Jack—I've always felt that you and Marion were pretty good—yes, yes. (*ANN looks at GARDNER and somehow doesn't like what METCALF infers.*)

OAKES. Oh.

GARDNER. (*Lightly*) Now, you're trying to kid me, Bob.

METCALF. No, I'm not. (*Jabbing him in the back*) Wouldn't surprise me a bit if you were in love with her.

GARDNER. (*Getting back at him*) No, no, I wouldn't say that, Bob—of course, I know you're a good detective. (*METCALF quickly glances at OAKES, frowns at GARDNER, turns away L., afraid OAKES will discover his tree.*) But—just good friends, that's all. (*ANN feels a little relieved, unconsciously.*)

OAKES. Well, I didn't realize that, Gardner, or I'd—

GARDNER. That's all right.

ANN. Did you know her before she was married?

GARDNER. No, we met afterwards.

METCALF. (*Patting him on shoulder—smiles at ANN*) I should say not. If they'd ever met before she never would have married Sears. (*ANN doesn't smile back.*)

GARDNER. (*Looking at METCALF*) Just a sleuth hound. (*METCALF again quickly glances at OAKES, frowns at GARDNER, furtively motions him to let up.*)



OAKES. Well, there's nothing in the way now, Gardner.

GARDNER. No, not a thing.

OAKES. And if Bob's right, I'm glad for your sake that I didn't know what I was talking about.

GARDNER. Well, if Bob was right—and if you were right—I don't think that that would make any difference.

OAKES. (*Amazed—a step forward*) You don't mean to say you'd marry a woman who wasn't on the level?

GARDNER. Sure I would—if I wanted to marry her. After all, a bad woman is just as good as the average man, and if you loved her—and she loved you—I think you'd find that any woman—would be worth all you could give her. (*Looking at OAKES.*)

ANN. Oh! (*Softly*) That's lovely. (*GARDNER glances at her, quickly returns to his work.*)

OAKES. Why, that's ridiculous! Don't, don't you think there's any difference between right and wrong?

GARDNER. Yes, but—maybe I bank more on circumstances than you do.

OAKES. (*Sneers*) Circumstances—why, that's just another word for luck. A poor excuse. There is no luck.

METCALF. (*Seriously*) Now, I don't know about that—I've always figured that circumstances——

ANN. (*Interrupts, impatiently*) Bobby, Bobby, Ssh—let them talk. (*METCALF crushed—sits chair above door L.*)

GARDNER. (*Rises, picks up the large blue print, commences to roll it up—grins*) I'm not trying to start anything, Oakes.

OAKES. I know, but——

GARDNER. (*Interrupts*) In fact, I should be working instead of playing with you people. (*Crosses front to R.C. turns to them*) So if you'll excuse me—

OAKES. (*To R. of arm chair c. unwilling to drop it*) Well, after all——

GARDNER. I'll see you all later. (*Exits in room R., closes door. Pause.*)

METCALF. (*Rises, turns chair L. of T.L.C. around, sits straddle it*) He's in love, all right, all right—But then one can't blame one for that.

OAKES. (*Crosses L.C. toward sofa, gives METCALF a quick look*) Bob, I'd like a word with you—alone. (*Indicates door c.*)

METCALF. Oh, you can say anything to me in front of Ann. (*ANN pays no attention, finds herself gazing at room R., unconsciously unhappy.*)

OAKES. You heard me.

METCALF. (*Putting cigarette in ash tray on T.L.C.*) Sure, and you heard me, too. I say, Ann, play us something, will you?

ANN. (*Annoyed, rises*) No.

METCALF. Ah, come on, please!

ANN. (*Crossing above table c., sees GARDNER'S blue print there*) No, I don't feel like it. (*Picks up GARDNER'S blue print on T.C., much interested in it.*)

OAKES. (*Looks at watch*) And it's getting late. If I'm coming back to dinner, I'll have to rush along. (*Looks meaningly at METCALF.*)

METCALF. Well, good-bye.

OAKES. (*To Ann*) —Ann, I want to speak to Bob for a moment——

ANN. (*Annoyed*) Oh, Frank——

OAKES. If you will——

ANN. This is so silly.

OAKES. Please! (*ANN impatient, then startled as she realizes she can go in next room. Lays blue print on T.C. Crosses to door R. METCALF watches her. OAKES looks at her, then turns to METCALF, sees him looking at ANN, then turns and looks at ANN. ANN at door, loses courage, sees them looking, smiles, goes to stairs—runs quickly up, exits.*)

METCALF. (*As OAKES comes toward sofa*) What the devil you got to say to me?

OAKES. (*Goes over to sofa*) Bob, are you still in love with Ann?

METCALF. (*Rises*) What would be the use? She's engaged to you, isn't she?

OAKES. Then what are you hanging around here for?

METCALF. Well—I——Oh, now, look here, this isn't your house, you know.

OAKES. The girl in it is mine, and——

METCALF. (*To front of T.L.C., interrupts*) But I told you I came here with Jack.

OAKES. And I don't believe you.

METCALF. Go and ask him.

OAKES. I don't have to.

METCALF. (*Quietly*) Do you realize you are calling me a liar?

OAKES. (*At lower R. of sofa*) Yes, I realize it.

METCALF. (*Backs to lower L. of T.L.C., getting the table between them—trying to frighten him*) And you mean to stand there and tell me—when I tell you this is the first time I've been here this week,—that I'm a liar?

OAKES. Yes, I'm calling you a liar. Why, listen—I wouldn't trust you across the street. (*METCALF, secretly amused, thinking of his tree, turns toward L., grins. Pause.*) But this is what I wanted to tell you—this is the second time I've warned you—and the last.

METCALF. What's the matter? What's all the warning about? What are you afraid of?

OAKES. What am I afraid of?

METCALF. Yes, you—you must be worrying about something.

OAKES. Well—maybe I am. (*Goes up L. of c., turns c., looks at stairs.*)

METCALF. (*Sits on front of T.*) Oh—you think—Ann—regrets something?

OAKES. Let me do the talking.

METCALF. Go ahead, go ahead, I'm interested.

OAKES. (*Above stool*) I don't know what it is—but Ann doesn't seem as happy as she should be.

METCALF. (*Happily*) That's quite an admission for you to make, isn't it, Frank?

OAKES. Yes.

METCALF. (*Romantically*) You almost as much as imply that Ann might still be interested in an old sweetheart.

OAKES. No, you're exaggerating—at the same time, there's something troubling Ann, and when I find the trouble—(*Through clenched teeth*)—I'll wipe it out! (*METCALF pales. OAKES crosses to lower R. of sofa, hisses*) Do you get me?

METCALF. (*Looks around, rises, crosses above T.C. to stairs, calls up*) Oh, Ann, you can come down now. (*METCALF stands at upper end of stairs as ANN comes down. OAKES calm, goes to above piano and puts overcoat on.*)

ANN. (*Enters, comes down the stairs, crosses to above R. of arm chair C., turns to METCALF. METCALF comes down on her R. Sarcastically*) Thank you very much.

METCALF. I don't blame you for being sarcastic—(*Mumbles*)—I know I'd be. (*Sits arm chair R. OAKES, startled as METCALF sits, throws his hat on piano bench. ANN goes up at L. of C., then picks up a magazine on table front of window, stands reading—back to them.*)

OAKES. (*Comes down R. of piano, very sore, quietly*) Well, Bob, can I drop you anywhere?

METCALF. No, no, thanks. (*ANN paying no attention to them.*)

OAKES. You'd rather walk?

METCALF. I'd rather walk than be dropped. Yes.

But—I promised Jack I'd wait and have dinner with him— (*OAKES takes off overcoat, throws it on L. of piano, and sits chair at piano, and on METCALF'S coat.*) Oh, Ann, how's your father these days? (*She standing, they sitting.*)

ANN. (*Annoyed, still looking at magazine, back to them*) Oh, he's all right.

METCALF. That's fine. Wonderful the way he gets around, I mean——

ANN. (*Looks at him sharply*) He's so old and decrepit! (*Back to magazine again.*)

METCALF. (*Smiles*) No, no, I don't mean that—he looks like a boy—(*METCALF'S and OAKES' eyes meet. OAKES inferring he'll sit there until METCALF goes, if it's forever.*)—for a man of his years—I don't mean his years exactly—but for the life he leads—an engineer—I mean— (*His voice trails off to a mumble—mumbles to self*) Oh, well, I guess I won't wait, after all. (*Rises, goes R., opens door, calls. OAKES rises to L. of piano, puts on his coat.*) Oh, Jack——

GARDNER. Yes——

METCALF. I don't think I'll wait.

GARDNER. (*Heard*) Oh, all right.

METCALF. See you to-morrow. (*Gets his coat—on chair at piano, puts it on.*)

OAKES. (*Goes to her R.*) I'll be back in half an hour, dear.

ANN. All right.

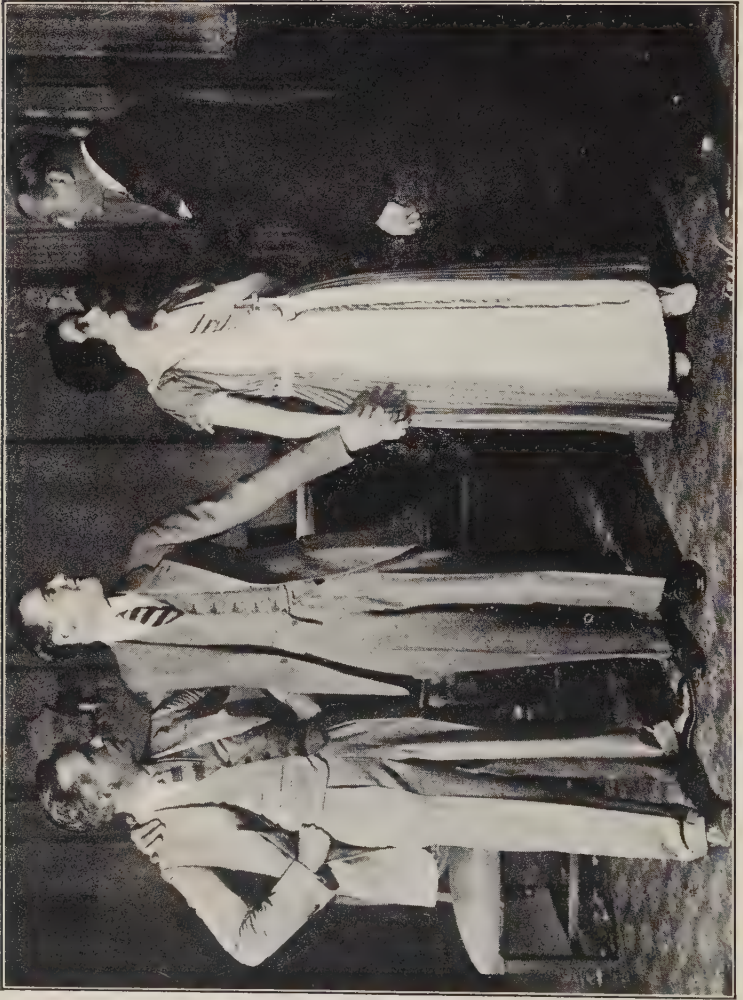
METCALF. (*Putting coat on*) Oh, that's right, you're coming back, aren't you?

OAKES. Yes, I'm going home and dress and come back, and have dinner with Ann. That is, if you don't mind.

METCALF. (*F. of chair at piano*) Me! Oh, no, I don't mind. In fact, I'm willing not to go home at all. (*Starts to take off coat.*)







OAKES. (*Loses temper—starts for him*) Say, what's the idea——

ANN. (*Irritated—throws magazine on T. up L.C.*) Bob, stop being so silly!

OAKES. He's go not business talking that——

ANN. Frank! (*Going to sofa, sits*) I have an awful headache.

OAKES and METCALF. (*They both hurry to her*) Oh, I'm so sorry. Oh, that's too bad.

OAKES. (*At R. and a little above her*) Maybe if you lie down a little while——

METCALF. (*At R. of OAKES*) Yes, why don't you?

ANN. I'll be all right. (*GARDNER enters—D.R. Has come to get his blue print on T.C. Stands near door.*)

OAKES. I'll hurry back, dear. (*Kisses her cheek. Then gets hat on piano bench.*)

METCALF. (*Softly*) Good night, Ann. (*Loudly kisses her hand—stands up quickly. OAKES whirls around at sound of kiss—is above piano. METCALF goes to front of L. of piano, goes to door c., opens it and exits, c. to L., goes fast after opening door. OAKES follows him out last, slamming door after him. ANN gives little groan of relief. GARDNER near door R. laughs, goes to front of table c., gets his blue print and starts from room R.*)

ANN. (*Gazes at him, laughs*) What's funny?

GARDNER. (*At L. of arm chair R.*) They get on well, don't they?

ANN. What is the matter with them?

GARDNER. You don't know, huh?

ANN. It isn't because of me. They've always been like that.

GARDNER. Yes, but you're not making it any easier for them, you know that, don't you? (*To R.C.*) And, by the way, after this when you're going to meet Bob in here, don't leave your bag out there.

ANN. (*Rises*) Do you think I knew Bob was here?

GARDNER. Well, I just took it for granted that——

METCALF. (*Gaily breezes in L.*) Oh, you back door! (*GARDNER laughs—Exits door R., closes door.*)

ANN. (*Turns on BOB*) How dare you—— (*Sharply*) What have you told Mr. Gardner about me?

METCALF. About you—why, nothing—haven't told him a thing. Honest to goodness, I haven't.

ANN. Then what does he mean by insinuating that I want to see you?

METCALF. (*To L. of T.L.C.*) Because you do, Ann——

ANN. I don't.

METCALF. Yes, you do, Ann.

ANN. I don't! I don't!

METCALF. You're conscience stricken, and you won't admit it.

ANN. What am I conscience stricken about? What have I done?

METCALF. Made a mistake with Frank, and you know it. Oh, Ann, dear, won't you admit that much?

ANN. No, I will not.

METCALF. You won't admit it?

ANN. I will not; now you go out and stay out! Between you and Frank I haven't a minute to myself. (*Almost crying with anger, goes toward stairs*) Don't you think I ever want to be alone?

METCALF. (*Crossing to above T.C. Quickly*) Aren't you going to ask me to stay to dinner?

ANN. (*Starts upstairs*) No, I'm not!

METCALF. If you were in my house, I'd ask you to stay to dinner.

ANN. (*Stops, goes to him shaking finger*) Now, look here, you saw how angry Frank was. (*Sarcasti-*

cally) You go before he comes back for something.  
(*Goes to stairs.*)

METCALF. (*Going to c.*) All right, all right.  
(*Opens door*) Any chance to see you tonight?

ANN. (*On stairs*) No!

METCALF. I mean after he goes?

ANN. (*Going upstairs*) No! No!

METCALF. No harm to drop around, though.

ANN. (*On top step*) I won't let you in. (*Goes off.*)

METCALF. (*Calls after her*) You won't have to.  
(*Unseen by ANN, presses button on front door that unlocks it. Grins*) See you soon. (*Exits front door c. to off C.L.*)

ANN. (*Very angry, comes downstairs, goes to door R., hesitates, goes part way upstairs, hesitates—finally makes up her mind—goes and throws open door R., sharply*) Mr. Gardner! (*Goes to above R. of arm chair c.*)

GARDNER. (*Noise off R. of chair being shoved back as he gets up from his work. Enters stealthily, has pencil in hand*) All right to come in? (*Looks around.*)

ANN. (*Indignantly*) What did you mean by insinuating that I knew Bob was here?

GARDNER. (*R. Smiles*) Has he gone again?

ANN. Answer me!

GARDNER. (*Lightly, going to R.C.*) I only said what I thought.

ANN. But what *right* have you to think that I wanted to see Bob?

GARDNER. Anyone has the right to think.

ANN. And you still think——

GARDNER. (*Interrupts*) I don't know what to think, and I don't think you do, either. (*Goes to her. Suddenly, confidential, kidding her broadly.*) Miss Jordon, all kidding aside, on the level, just between you and me, how do they stand? (*ANN gazes back*

at him, furious. Smiles back at her.) You don't know? I thought you didn't.

ANN. (*Loses temper, is going to cry*) I don't want you to make fun of me today.

GARDNER. (*Steps back up*) I'll be very careful.

ANN. I want you to apologize.

GARDNER. I'm very sorry.

ANN. You ought to know better.

GARDNER. I'm very sorry.

ANN. I don't think that I ever—— (*Abruptly*) You shut up. (*Crosses toward stairs.*)

GARDNER. (*Laughs*) Oh, wonderful! (*Goes to sofa.*)

JORDON. (*Enters down stairs, R.I, in evening clothes, meeting her going up*) Thought you were dressing, dear.

ANN. (*On up stage side of stairs*) Where are you going?

JORDON. The Engineers' Club. Frank will be with you for dinner, won't he?

ANN. Yes.

JORDON. (*Coming down to c.*) Oh, did you show her the model?

GARDNER. No, would you like to see it? Come on down, Miss Jordon. (*She looks away from him in disdain, standing on stairs.*)

JORDON. Yes, it's worth seeing, Ann. (*Worried.*) Look here, Gardner, I got thinking upstairs, and I'm worried. I don't think you've covered it.

GARDNER. (*Goes to L. of T.C. Manner instantly changes, alert*) What?

JORDON. This innovation of yours regarding sudden temperature changes.

GARDNER. Sure I have.

JORDON. No.

GARDNER. Yes.

JORDON. How? (*Sits armchair c.*)



(ANN stops on stairs, arrested by the argument. Gazes at GARDNER, interested in his change of manner.)

GARDNER. My counterweights.

JORDON. But sudden changes might not cause sufficient expansion in the cables which operate the counterweights.

GARDNER. (*Startled, steps forward*) Huh?

JORDON. Expansion or contraction, either. (GARDNER thinking fast. ANN watches him.) You ought to have thought of that.

GARDNER. I have thought of that!

JORDON. Well, what's the answer?

GARDNER. Won't make any difference. (ANN never taking her eyes off of him. Amused.)

JORDON. No difference?

GARDNER. Not the slightest!

JORDON. (*Sharply*) Makes a hell of a difference.

GARDNER. Not the slightest! (*To JORDON—leans down over table c.*) You're afraid of my cables, are you? Afraid of each other! The expansion of the draw span isn't uniformed!

JORDON. (*Startled*) Not uniformed?

GARDNER. They're altogether independent of each other, and they don't have to travel on the same horizontal plane! Don't need the second foundation at all! (JORDON thinks quickly.)

JORDON. (*Rises*) You're right!

GARDNER. Of course I'm right! (*Men laugh. ANN laughs, delighted he has licked the old man.*)

JORDON. Be sure they see that on the model. Plug it!

GARDNER. I'll slug them with it! That's what I'll do! I'll slug 'em with it! (*Starts for his room, crossing above JORDON. Sees ANN on the stairs.*) Hello! (*Runs boisterously into room R.I, slamming door after him. The moment he leaves the room*



ANN *loses her smile; very lonesome, comes down the stairs.*)

JORDON. (*Chuckles to himself*) He's a smart boy —mighty smart.

ANN. (*At newel post*) Ha!

JORDON. (*Surprised*) Don't you agree with me, dear?

ANN. I suppose he knows *something* about a bridge.

JORDON. (*Going up R.C., crosses above piano into closet*) He knows a *lot* about a bridge.

ANN. (*Murmurs*) Think he ought to by this time.

JORDON. What's the matter, Ann?

ANN. Oh, nothing; he just bores me.

JORDON. (*Comes out of closet, leaves door open. Crosses above piano, lays his hat and cane on it, goes to front of L. of it with his coat*) Funny, I thought you liked him.

ANN. (*Murmurs*) Ha, I should say not.

(*READY Piano.*)

JORDON. (*Murmurs*) Well, well, well! (*He knows the signs of love.*)

ANN. And why are you so interested in him?

JORDON. (*Putting on coat*) I think he deserves it.

ANN. But what is he going to do, live here?

JORDON. No, no, but I've been able to help him a little and there's more privacy here than in my office.

ANN. Oh, I don't mind him working here. Of course, it's a nuisance. (JORDON *puts on hat.*) Ha! (*Rising, crosses above T.C. toward sofa, faces toward C., returns to sofa.*) I never met a man who was so *sure* everybody enjoyed him, ha! I don't think you *could* insult him if you tried, ha! He's so *thick-skinned*, no wonder he wasn't hurt in the war. (JORDON, *putting on his gloves, laughs; he is wise*

to her. *She goes to him—laughs.*) Don't laugh so loud, Daddy, you might disturb him at his work.

JORDON. *(Smiles)* Good night, dear. *(Kisses her.)* I won't be out very late. *(Goes to front door, c., opens it.)* Oh, Ann, dear.

ANN. *(Crosses up to him)* Yes, Daddy.

JORDON. *(Gazes at her with a wise look)* We engineers are kind of rough on the girls, aren't we? *(Pinches her cheek, laughs. Exits, c., closing door.)*

*(ANN, wondering why she is so unhappy, sighs, goes to stairs, looks at door R.I, then goes to the door and carefully looks through the keyhole. Hesitates, then, tip-toeing, goes toward the piano. When in front of stairs she stamps her feet, hoping to bring him out of his room, picks up music book on piano and slams it down. Sits at piano and starts playing "In Love with Love," very loud and jazzy, eyes on door. No result. Angrily hits a note with one finger, then another note—pause—then one note—then one, one, five notes. Looks at door, R.I; he doesn't come. Signal stop. Pause. Sighs. Plays with feeling "Drink to Me with Thine Eyes." After several bars GARDNER is heard in the room to move his chair back, loudly. She hears it, and her eyes go to the door R.I; as he appears in the doorway, she becomes very much engrossed in her playing, making believe she doesn't know he is there.)*

GARDNER. *(Through the music, smiles; his pencil in hand)* That's very pretty.

ANN. Think so?

GARDNER. Yes, and it makes a very pretty picture to see a pretty girl playing. I'm here to tell you that.

ANN. I thought you were working.

GARDNER. Yes, I was. But it's all right, don't hurry. (*ANN slowly stops playing.*) It's very pretty.

ANN. (*Rises, crosses to front of piano, murmurs, very aloof*) I'm sorry if I disturbed you. (*Goes slowly to sofa, sits.*)

GARDNER. (*Starts to exit, stops, smiles, comes to R.C.*) Not mad, are you? (*She doesn't answer.*) I mean, not really mad. (*Hesitates, then goes to above T.C. She averts her face.*) Are you mad, really? Because I teased you about Bob? (*Crosses closer to her. Gets L. of c. table.*) Aren't you ever going to speak to me again? Never? Really mad, aren't you? (*Pause. She softly sobs. Moves over earnestly, forgets about bridge for instant.*) Oh, Miss Jordon, please don't—listen. I apologize, really I do—I didn't know you were so sensitive about those fellows—please forgive me, will you? I don't want you to be really mad with me.

ANN. (*Sobs cease, murmurs*) I'm not mad; I'm just . . . (*Tries to think what it is.*)

GARDNER. (*Curious*) Just what?

ANN. I don't know.

GARDNER. (*Perplexed*) You don't?

ANN. (*Shakes head, bewildered*) No—I—I just feel sick.

GARDNER. Oh, sick, I see.

ANN. No.

GARDNER. (*Surprised*) Huh?

ANN. Yes.

GARDNER. (*Perplexed*) No—and yes—what's that mean?

ANN. I don't know.

GARDNER. I don't either.

ANN. (*Almost to herself*) So strange. (*Rubs forehead.*)

GARDNER. (*Little annoyed, wants to get back to bridge*) Think you have any fever?

ANN. No.

GARDNER. Pain anywhere?

ANN. (*Annoyed*) No, no.

GARDNER. (*Scratches head*) Well, I don't know.

(ANN *sighs*. GARDNER *looks at her*) Are you unhappy?

ANN. (*Face wrinkles up*) Awful.

GARDNER. I'm sorry.

ANN. You're not a bit sorry.

GARDNER. Of course, I'm sorry. Why, your life should be just one laugh after another.

ANN. I'll never laugh again in all my life.

GARDNER. (*Lightly*) You'll be laughing all evening.

ANN. Please don't tease me any more.

GARDNER. I'm not teasing you— (*Closer*) And tell me—do you really wish you weren't wearing that? (*Indicates her ring.*)

ANN. Yes.

GARDNER. Now, don't be too sure about that, Miss Jordon. Oakes is all right. You get to like him better—when you know him—after all he says what he means—he's a pretty good fellow.

ANN. Yes, I know he's a good fellow—but that isn't why I'm so unhappy.

GARDNER. (*Surprised*) No?

ANN. No.

GARDNER. What is it, then?

ANN. (*Furtively gazes at him, has a wild desire to confess her love, then retreats, little gasp*) I can't tell you.

GARDNER. Why can't you? It's only between you and me.

ANN. (*A little excited, wondering if he means a double meaning*) You mean——?

(*READY Door Bell.*)

GARDNER. (*A little perplexed*) What??

ANN. What did you say?

GARDNER. I said I'd keep it to myself.

ANN. But why do you want to know?

GARDNER. I don't know. Because I like you, I guess. I don't know any other reason.

ANN. (*Loses hope, sobs*) You mean you're just curious.

GARDNER. (*A little irritated*) No, not so curious. (*She sobs. Going to R. of arm chair c., impatiently*) If you'd rather not tell me, keep it to yourself.

ANN. I wouldn't tell you for anything.

GARDNER. Then I guess I can't help you out.

ANN. I'm not asking you to help me out.

GARDNER. Yes, but you—you practically——

ANN. (*Feeling sicker and sicker*) I'm not asking you to do anything.

GARDNER. I didn't say you were.

ANN. It's nothing to you, anyway.

GARDNER. (*Grumbles*) You'd better get a doctor. (*Goes to D.R.*)

ANN. I don't want a doctor.

GARDNER. (*To R. of arm chair c.*) What do you want?

ANN. I don't know.

GARDNER. (*Ill at ease*) Well—I guess I'll go back. (*Toward D.R.*)

ANN. Go ahead.

GARDNER. I'm going. (*Goes to D.R., stops, faces her hesitatingly*) Listen—— (*She doesn't even face around—sobs*) ——er—— (*Turns around and exits R., closing door.*)

(*DOOR Bell and Repeat.*)

ANN. (*Groans*) Oh, I'm so sick. (*Her head in her hand. Rising, crosses to front of piano, taking off ring and replace it again. Door bell rings. Stops her. She starts again for stairs. Door bell again. Stops her at foot of stairs. JULIA enters L., crosses toward front door.*) Julia! (*To front of L. of piano.*)

JULIA. (*Goes to her. Startled by her manner*)  
Yes, Miss.

ANN. I'm not at home—— (*Turns R. stairs.*)

JULIA. If it's Mr. Oakes, Miss?

ANN. I'm not home to anybody.

JULIA. Yes, Miss. (*Turns toward front door.*)

ANN. Wait a minute—— (*JULIA stops.*) Say my father sent for me and I—I left word I'd telephone and explain. (*Starts for stairs.*)

JULIA. Yes, Miss. (*Goes to front door.*)

ANN. (*Murmurs*) No, no! Wait a minute. Wait a minute. Oh, dear. (*Going across room, R.C., full of reaction, gets control.*) All right, I'm home. (*Crosses to sofa, sinks on sofa.*)

JULIA. Yes, Miss. (*JULIA is a little startled at ANN's appearance—opens front door.*)

OAKES. (*Enters, wearing tuxedo clothes, overcoat, etc.*) If Miss Jordon is dressing——

JULIA. (*R. of door*) Miss Jordon is here, sir.

OAKES. (*Sees her*) Oh, I didn't see you, dear. (*ANN doesn't stir. JULIA exits L. OAKES lays his hat and coat on piano*) Have you been lonesome?

ANN. (*Her head comes up, sighs a little*) No.

OAKES. (*Coming to above stool, L. of C.T.*) I hurried, because—— (*Surprised*) Ann, why in the world haven't you dressed?

ANN. (*A desperate effort to throw mood off, sits up*) I'll go right up.

OAKES. Yes, hurry, dear, I've got a couple of seats for the theatre.

ANN. (*Slowly*) I'll hurry.

OAKES. (*Gazes at her*) Ann—what's the matter?

ANN. I don't know.

OAKES. Head still ache?

ANN. I—guess so. (*She sinks back on lounge and avoids his eyes.*)

OAKES. (*Gazes down at her, then sits above her on sofa*) Ann—what's really the trouble—tell me.



ANN. I'm unhappy.

OAKES. Why?

ANN. I don't know.

OAKES. (*Quietly*) Well—that doesn't flatter me much, does it?

ANN. You mean—you know?

OAKES. (*Slowly—looking at her closely*) You mean—you've made a mistake—with me? (*ANN looks away.*) Well,—I'm not surprised. I've been waiting for this.

ANN. You have?

OAKES. (*Rises, goes above T.C.*) Don't take me for a fool, Ann. I've known all week that you regretted it.

ANN. Oh, Frank, I'm so sorry.

OAKES. (*Grimly*) Don't worry about that part of it.

ANN. (*Eagerly*) You mean you've made a mistake yourself? You don't love me any more? Oh, please say you don't!

OAKES. I'm not saying a word.

ANN. But you will forgive and——

OAKES. (*Interrupts*) Yes, I'll forgive but I won't forget. (*Steps forward*) And you're going to go through with it, just the same.

ANN. I couldn't.

OAKES. My dear Ann, if you think you've made a mistake, I'm very sorry for you, but you're engaged to me and you're going to marry me. I wasn't made to be the goat and——

ANN. (*Interrupts*) You can say that you broke it off.

OAKES. Yes, but I'm not going to say it, and you're not going to say it, either.

ANN. (*Tearfully*) I can't marry you.

OAKES. Yes, you can.

ANN. I can't! I can't!

OAKES. (*Sharply*) You can and you will! Now, who is he?

ANN. (*Falters, back a little, shakes head, frightened*) No, nobody, no——

OAKES. (*Loses control—angrily*) Don't lie to me, Ann. Do you think you could be sick of me in a week if there wasn't another man?

ANN. There isn't. There isn't.

OAKES. Oh, yes, there is. (*Mutters*) But you don't have to tell me, I know. (*Stands deep in thought. She watches him, fascinated. He suddenly looks toward room R. She gasps a little to herself. Suddenly he sweeps across room R. She is startled, rises, goes to above table c. Hurls door open. ANN to L. of chair at piano.*) Gardner, come in here! (*Turns toward ANN. GARDNER is heard rising from his chair. ANN hurries up the stairs. To her as she goes*) Ann, wait—— (*To foot of stairs*) I want you to hear what I'm—— (*She is gone with a muffled sob of terror. ANN changes dress, and leaves off the engagement ring. OAKES turns, crosses to c.*)

GARDNER. (*Enters room R., with a cigarette, crosses to front of arm chair R.*) Oh, it's you, Oakes, I thought the roof—— (*Stops as he sees OAKES' manner*) What's the matter?

OAKES. (*At R. of arm chair c. A cold fury*) She's turned me down, Gardner!

GARDNER. No.

OAKES. Yes.

GARDNER. (*To newel post, face R. stairs*) Well,—that's bad news. But perhaps it's only a little misunderstanding and you'll make it up again.

OAKES. No—there's no misunderstanding—there's another man.

GARDNER. Oh.

OAKES. What do you know about that, Gardner?

GARDNER. Well, I'd know more if I knew who the fellow was.

OAKES. (*Sneers*) Oh, you don't know him?

GARDNER. (*Really curious at that*) Who is he?

OAKES (*With burst of fury*) Metcalf, of course!  
Who the hell do you think?

GARDNER. Oh.

OAKES. (*Raves insanely. Goes up R. of piano, turns down to c.*) That damn skunk! That thing that crawls! (*Shakes his fingers at him*) That friend of yours. (*Goes to GARDNER*) Oh, he'll take my girl, will he! Before I'd let Metcalf get her, I'd slaughter him with an ax and go to the chair with a laugh! Where is he? (*Pounding fists on GARDNER'S chest*) That's what I want to know from you! Where is he? Where is he? Where is he? Where——

GARDNER. (*Interrupts*) Hey, whoa, wait a minute!  
*Wait a minute!*

OAKES. (*Calms*) I want him! I want him!

GARDNER. Yes, I know, but don't practice on me!

OAKES. (*Finally gets control*) I'm sorry, Gardner—I—I kind of lost control of myself—— (*Goes up L. of piano—puts on coat.*)

GARDNER. (*Interrupts. Straightening coat.*) Yes, a little—but now that that's off your mind—what do you really intend to do?

OAKES. (*Tightens again*) He's cut me out—he'll pay for it.

GARDNER. (*To front of piano chair*) That could mean most anything, Oakes.

OAKES. Do I look like a man who would lie down and let another man take his girl?

GARDNER. Going to get him, eh?

OAKES. (*Takes hat from piano*) I warned him. And now, God help him. (*Goes to L.C.*)

GARDNER. (*At lower L. of piano*) But listen, Oakes, you'd better——

OAKES. (*Interrupts, opening front door*) You'd

better mind your own business. (*Exits slamming door.*)

GARDNER. (*Nods grimly*) Yes, I guess that's what I should have done. (*Thinks a moment, then hurries above T.L.C., puts cigarette in ash tray there, takes up phone on cabinet—facing L.*) Hello, hello! River 2-3-7— (*To himself—mouth piece against breast*) Bob Metcalf. And he did it. The son of a gun. (*In phone*) Hey, Watters, is Bob home?

METCALF. (*Enters front door that he unlocked. Gayly*) Been behind the old tree and here I am again!

GARDNER. (*Hangs up*) My God!

METCALF. (*Enthuses*) I saw him leave and couldn't believe my luck. (*Removes hat, lays it on the piano.*)

GARDNER. (*Still holds phone*) You saw him leave, did you?

METCALF. Yes, from behind the tree. Golly, what a system! What a tree!

GARDNER. It's lucky for you and the tree he didn't see you behind it!

METCALF. (*Release phone. To R. of sofa. Startled*) What happened?

GARDNER. Well, I guess you've gone and done it.

METCALF. Done what?

GARDNER. (*To L. of T.*) She's turned him down and told him it was you she loved.

METCALF. (*Elated*) Oh, no!

GARDNER. (*L. of T.L.C.*) Yes!

METCALF. (*Kneels on sofa*) Oh, Jack!—honest—you're not kidding?

GARDNER. (*Amused, sits on L. side of T.L.C.*) Oh, I wouldn't kid about it.

METCALF. (*Jumps up, taking off coat*) Oh, boy! Oh, it's wonderful, that's what it is, wonderful! It just goes to show you! Determination! You can't

beat determination ; and you can't beat a man like me.  
(*Puts hat and coat on piano.*)

GARDNER. Yes, you've got a license to cheer this time.

METCALF. Oh, but I haven't a short memory! I haven't forgotten it was you who pointed the way! I'll be generous! I'll tell Frank that half of the credit is yours.

GARDNER. (*Crosses front to BOB, startled*) No, you don't have to be generous. You can leave me out of it, altogether!

METCALF. (*Elated*) Well, I'll never forget! Oh, Jack, when did it happen? How did it happen? Tell me more! Tell me all!

GARDNER. (C.) I was in there. I didn't—

METCALF. (*Interrupts, backs toward R.*) I'd give a million dollars to have overheard it!

GARDNER. I must admit I was surprised.

METCALF. (*Front of piano chair*) Surprised? Why?

GARDNER. I don't know—I didn't think she was so crazy about you.

METCALF. You didn't! I did.

GARDNER. (*Crossing above T.L.C.*) Shows how much I know.

METCALF. (*To above arm chair c.*) You don't know anything about women, Jack. You're a man's man.

GARDNER. (*Picks up blue print on T.L.C. Smiles*) Well, I'm glad I fit somewhere—(*Crosses to BOB, rolling up the blue print*)—but Bob—what made her so—so cross—when you came back through the back door, for instance?

METCALF. That? Oh, she was conscience-stricken. When honor and heart battle in a frail girl's body—she's miserable, miserable!

GARDNER. (*Thinks, then nods*) Guess you're



IN LOVE WITH LOVE





right at that. (GARDNER *crosses to above L. of T.L.C., puts the package of cigarettes in pocket.*)

METCALF. Yes, but in the end the heart always wins. (*Gayly*) But why am I wasting time talking to you? Where is she? Where is she?

GARDNER. Don't ask me.

METCALF. (*Calls upstairs*) Oh, Ann! Ann!

GARDNER. (*Crossing above and lays print on piano*) A fine lot of work I can do around with you lovers.

METCALF. Ann! Ann!

GARDNER. Well, good luck, Bob. (*Exits into closet.*)

METCALF. Wait a minute. Oh, Ann!

(*READY Door Bell.*)

ANN. (*Heard*) Yes?

METCALF. Here I am, dear, here I am. (GARDNER *comes out of closet with hat—and putting on his coat, crosses above piano to c.*)

ANN. Who is it?

METCALF. (*Hurries upstairs, a few steps*) Who do you think, sweetheart?

ANN. (*Impatiently*) Bob!— Don't come up! I'm dressing!

METCALF. (*Stops half way up stairs*) Hurry, dear, and come down!

GARDNER. (*Crosses to foot of stairs, to L. of METCALF*) Goodbye, Miss Jordon.

ANN. (*Heard, startled*) You're not going, Mr. Gardner?

METCALF. (*Generously*) Don't hurry on our account, Jack.

GARDNER. I'm sorry, Miss Jordon, but I've got to.

ANN. (*Heard, interrupts*) Oh, Bob, I'll hurry! I'll be right down!

METCALF. All right, darling! (*Gayly, to GARDNER*) Oh, say, isn't that wonderful! She didn't use to hurry like that.

GARDNER. (*Going to D.C.*) I'm not going to wait.

METCALF. (*Front of R. of piano*) You've got to wait. We may be married tonight! May need you for a witness.

GARDNER. (*At door*) I've got a date of my own, you damn fool.

METCALF. (*R. of piano chair*) Break it!

GARDNER. (*Up C.L. of door*) And I'm kind of sorry for Oakes, the poor stiff.

METCALF. If you had stood as long as I have behind that damn tree . . .

GARDNER. (*With little humor*) Maybe Oakes will take to the tree now—Oakes tree. (*Opens door.*)

METCALF. (*Gayly*) All my troubles are over. (*GARDNER going out closes door.*)

GARDNER. (*Suddenly steps in and slams front door, startled*) They're just beginning! Here comes Oakes again!

METCALF. (*Front of piano. Startled*) What—Oakes—don't let him in!

GARDNER. How the hell can I keep him out?

(*DOOR Bell.*)

METCALF. (*Suddenly delighted*) That's all right. That makes it perfect!

GARDNER. Perfect? (*Looks out window on L. to door C.*)

METCALF. (*Insanely*) Yes, I'll laugh in his face. I'll get my full revenge. I'll get all that's coming to me!

GARDNER. You'll get a crack on the jaw, that's all you'll get! (*Door bell rings again.*)

METCALF. I'm not afraid. Let him in.

GARDNER. Let him in yourself!

METCALF. All right! (*Starts for door.*)

GARDNER. (*Grabs him at L. of piano*) No, wait, I'll see what he wants. (*JULIA enters L., crosses up to door.*)

METCALF. (*Gayly, L. of piano*) Hello, Julia.

(To GARDNER, pointing at her) There's one of the best friends I ever——

GARDNER. (*At door, interrupts*) Never mind, now! (To JULIA, indicating METCALF) You haven't seen him.

JULIA. (*Excited, L. of GARDNER*) What, sir?

GARDNER and METCALF. He's not here! I am not here!

JULIA. (*Wise*) Oh, no, of course not, sir. (*Goes to door.*)

GARDNER. (*Picking up METCALF's coat and hat on piano, goes to METCALF, indicating dining room*) Get in there!

METCALF. (*Crossing to door L.*) You're robbing me of the sweetest revenge.

GARDNER. (*Tossing coat and hat to him*) The back door for yours and hurry it along.

METCALF. I am not! I'm going to stay right here and listen! (*At doorway. JULIA stalling at front door, waiting.*)

GARDNER. All right, Julia.

METCALF. (*Gayly*) And if he hasn't a gun I'm coming out and spit in his face! (*JULIA opens door. GARDNER makes a wild gesture for METCALF to duck. METCALF exits L., just missing OAKES, who stalks in, stops and gazes at GARDNER. GARDNER gazes back.*)

JULIA. (*Closes front door, to OAKES*) Shall I tell Miss Jordon? (*OAKES ignores her.*)

OAKES. (*To R. of GARDNER*) Gardner, since I left has she seen Metcalf? (*JULIA exits L.*)

GARDNER. (*At sofa*) No, she hasn't seen him.

OAKES. Sure?

GARDNER. Positive.

ANN. (*Heard off R.*) Oh, Bob! (*Both startled, look at stairs, then eyes meet.*)

OAKES. What's the use of lying?

GARDNER. (*Goes to foot of stairs, calls up*) It

wasn't Bob who rang, Miss Jordon. Mr. Oakes has come back to see you.

ANN. (*Heard*) Oh, for Heaven's——

GARDNER. (*Quickly, returns to c. back of c.t.*) Says she'll be right down.

OAKES. Pardon me, Gardner.

(*READY Door Bell.*)

GARDNER. That's all right, old man. (*OAKES takes coat off, lays it on sofa with hat. Startled at OAKES' coat coming off.*)

OAKES. But I'm not responsible for what I say and do tonight.

GARDNER. Er—I see you're not—looking for Bob?

OAKES. I've come back to see her. I said things that—well—I lost control of myself and I've come back to apologize.

GARDNER. Oh! (*Wanders over L. so METCALF can hear him, louder*) And now that you've had a chance to cool off, all that wild talk about what you were going to do to Bob—you really didn't mean that, either, did you?

OAKES. (*R. of sofa, thinks with frown*) No, I don't suppose I did.

GARDNER. (*Relieved*) Well, I'm glad to hear that.

OAKES. (*Little outburst*) But I could kill him with pleasure. (*Goes up c. GARDNER startled. Cools off, comes down c., above stool*) But I don't want her to think any worse of me—I want to take my licking like a man.

GARDNER. (*Touched*) Now you're talking. (*Goes to L. of OAKES*) And now I feel I ought to tell you something.

OAKES. (*Above stool*) Yeh?

GARDNER. (*L. of OAKES*) The night you won her—well, you know what I thought of you, the way

you rode Bob—and I—I advised him to keep after her.

OAKES. Oh, you did?

GARDNER. Yes, I did.

OAKES. Well, wasn't that quite a liberty for an outsider to take?

GARDNER. Yes, it was.

OAKES. I'll say it was—why, what right have you—wait a minute, it's all right, you've given me a great idea.

GARDNER. An idea?

OAKES. Yes, I'm going to take the same advice. I'm going to keep after her myself.

GARDNER. My God!

OAKES. I'm no worse off than he was a week ago, am I?

GARDNER. No.

OAKES. No, and if he thinks he's kept after her, just watch me. (*Door bell rings.*)

(*DOOR Bell.*)

GARDNER. Great! Let the worse man lose. (*Gets hat on piano. Starts for front door. OAKES goes to foot of stairs.*) And here's where I fade out of the picture. (*Opens front door. METCALF enters, having gone around back door, with hat and coat on his arm, hands in trousers' pockets, enthuses, saunters in like a king. GARDNER R. of door falters back. OAKES, startled, has to control himself not to rush at METCALF.*)

METCALF. (*Fakes he sees OAKES for the first time, enthuses boisterously*) Why, hello, Frank! Hello, Jack! (*Laughing in his face. OAKES wild, but just glares back. JULIA enters from L. to answer the bell, to above sofa. METCALF swings over to JULIA.*) Never mind, Julia, Mr. Gardner let me in. (*GARDNER closes the door. METCALF drops hat and coat on sofa. JULIA about to exit, goes to dining*



*room door. Sudden inspiration. Goes over to JULIA at door L.)* Oh, but Julia, want to do me a favor?

JULIA. Yes, sir. *(METCALF whispers to her.)*

OAKES. *(R.C. comes to front of arm chair)* What's he whispering about?

GARDNER. *(C. above table)* Don't forget you promised to keep your temper. *(METCALF motions JULIA off. JULIA exits L.)*

OAKES. *(Jealously)* I want to know what he's whispering about?

GARDNER. Remember you came back to apologize.

OAKES. I can't apologize while he's in the house.

METCALF. *(L. of T.L.C.)* You don't have to apologize to me.

GARDNER. *(To R. of sofa, to METCALF)* Remember, Bob, where you are.

METCALF. *(Gayly)* Don't worry, Jack, Ann and I keep open house for our friends. *(OAKES looks away, helplessly infuriated. GARDNER makes desperate gestures for METCALF to be careful. JULIA enters with the same tray used in first act, 3 glasses, highballs, bottle of Scotch, bottle of soda in holder, no cracked ice. METCALF places them on table L.C.)* Come on, Frank, the same old Scotch you're so fond of. *(Pouring out two big drinks. JULIA exits L.)* The same old funny stuff, face to face.

OAKES. *(Decides to play the game, breezes over.)*

GARDNER comes down, to arm chair C.) Oh, all right, all right. *(Picks up glass)* To her.

METCALF. Every time. *(They toss it down. OAKES quickly holds glass for another. GARDNER, very worried, goes over toward piano. Fills glasses.)* Marvellous whiskey! Wonderful! How it responds to the age of a week!

OAKES. *(Holds glass up)* Well?

METCALF. To Daddy! *(They toss it down.)*

OAKES again holds out glass to be refilled.)

GARDNER. (*At L. of T.C.*) Never mind me this time. Pass me right by.

METCALF. (*Pouring*) We'll pass nothing by. (*Holds glass toward room R.*) To the bridge! (*OAKES drinks. Starts to drink, then exactly as did OAKES*) —that Jack built. (*Tosses it down.*)

(*READY Crash.*)

OAKES. (*Holds glass out, sharply*) Come on! Come on!

METCALF. I'm coming. I'm coming. (*Fills glasses.*)

OAKES. I'll take this last one. This is to us—(*Through clenched teeth*)—and to the finish! (*They drink.*)

METCALF. You mean when Mr. Minister awards me the prize?

OAKES. (*Leers*) Oh, no, nothing like that.

METCALF. (*Puts glass on table*) No, you're right—the finish is after that. And I don't mind telling you, Frank, that I can be just as generous as you ever were—and if it's a girl, we'll call her Frances! (*OAKES throws the drink at METCALF's face. METCALF ducks, missing it. OAKES gets rid of his glass, which was empty, by finishing his motion of throwing with placing it on table, L.C., uses L. arm. METCALF seizes the bottle, swinging it like a club. GARDNER to L. of OAKES, with his R. arm around OAKES' waist, seizes OAKES' R. arm, draws it to him. OAKES is helpless, gesticulates wildly with his L. arm over GARDNER'S shoulder at METCALF.*)

GARDNER. (*Between the two*) Look out! What are you doing? (*OAKES trying to get at METCALF, who is L. of table. GARDNER keeping them apart.*)

OAKES. (*C., struggling in GARDNER'S arms*) I'll kill him. Get out of the way, Gardner.

GARDNER. (*L. of OAKES*) Oakes, listen. . . .

METCALF. (*Triumphantly, L. of lower L. of T.*) I'll knock his block off! (*Swinging the bottle.*)

GARDNER. (*To METCALF.*) Listen, Bob. . . .

OAKES and METCALF. I'll get you for this! I'll get you for this! I'm not afraid of you! I'm not afraid of you! Let him go! Let him go! (*ANN enters on the stairs; has changed dress*)

GARDNER. (*Sharply, suddenly*) Look out! Here she comes. (*Releases OAKES. Stands at R. of sofa. OAKES a little to R. of GARDNER. METCALF puts bottle on table, stands at lower L. of table L.C. ANN coming down the stairs, pauses an instant as she takes in the situation, comes down, hesitates an instant at front of L. of piano. OAKES steps forward, attempts to speak, but cannot, she ignores him—head erect, she goes up to the front door, and exits, closing door behind her. GARDNER, as she passes him, moves over a little toward the door. OAKES has gone to front of piano. All embarrassed, pause.*)

GARDNER. (*Near front door*) Now you see what you have done, don't you? You've driven her out of her own house. You fellows have got to cut out this rough-housing. (*Hand on knob*) I'll go out and bring her back, and you've got to apologize. (*Opening door*) You ought to be ashamed of yourselves—the poor girl's sick. (*Exits front door, closing it.*)

OAKES. (*To L. of stool*) We've got to cut this out—it isn't right.

METCALF. (*L. of lower L. of table L.C. Laughs*) Yes, it's ridiculous!

OAKES. (*Moves toward sofa*) I've decided to keep my temper anyway, so you needn't be afraid of a licking. (*Turns to front of table c., backs to foots.*)

METCALF. (*To front of table L.C.*) Who, me? Don't think for a minute I'm afraid of a licking from you.

OAKES. (*Losing temper a little, crossing and wagging finger of L. hand in METCALF's face*) Listen, one more wise crack out of you, and I'll . . .

METCALF. (*Moves OAKES' finger away*) Say, just a minute—keep your finger out of my face.

OAKES. (*Slaps METCALF's hand down*) You keep your hand down.

METCALF. (*Retreating a little toward the dining room*) Look here, what do you think you're doing, ha!

OAKES. You be careful now! (*Hand on METCALF's shoulder, pushes him a little.*)

METCALF. Say, who do you think you're pushing? (*With his R. hand gives OAKES a violent shove. OAKES goes back with the shove, then rushes at METCALF, and shoves him through the dining room doors, makes a swing at him as they go off. The battle cuts loose in the dining room. Then a lull. GARDNER and ANN enter front door, hand in hand. Leave door open.*)

(CRASH.)

GARDNER. (R. of ANN) Don't you worry, Miss Jordon, they promised they'd be friends—— (*Table in dining room crashes over as the fight is resumed, noise of broken crockery, glasses, silverware, etc. JULIA screams in terror. Starts on run for dining room.*) ——and they're both a couple of liars! (*Exits into dining room. ANN, horrified, stands c., looking off to dining room.*)

CURTAIN

### ACT III

DISCOVERED: *As curtain rises, METCALF stretched out on sofa, head front. OAKES in the arm chair, c. Both unconscious, hair on ends. Shirts all rumpled. METCALF has a black eye and a red nose. OAKES a scar on jaw. ANN is waving a small handkerchief over METCALF. GARDNER is flapping a bath towel as done in the ring, over OAKES. A bowl of ice at T.C. METCALF'S coat and hat have been placed on piano. OAKES' coat is on top of METCALF'S so he can get it quickly.*

ANN. (*Waving handkerchief. Frightened—at R. of sofa*) Oh, do you think they're dead?

GARDNER. (*Waving towel. Breathlessly*) No, but I am. My God, what a job.

ANN. Bob! Oh, Bobby! (*OAKES groans.*)

GARDNER. (*Quickly*) Hey! Oakes! Come out of it, will you. (*Puts towel down, takes a piece of ice from the bowl on T.C., applies it to OAKES' face and head. Calls gayly to her*) Better work fast—my man's coming to—first man up wins the fight. (*Returns ice to bowl.*)

ANN. Oh, Mr. Gardner, please look at Bob! He's so still— (*GARDNER looks up.*) —and I—I— (*ANN faints. Turns around, struggles toward him.*)

GARDNER. (*Quickly grabs her before she falls*) Ann!—Steady there—be a good sport, now, Ann. Don't let a little thing like this get your goat—show me what you're made of—— (*Holding her with one arm, gets smelling salts on T.C. She coughs, rallies and leans weakly against him.*) How's that now—all right? (*Leaning against him, she smiles up at him.*)

*Softly*) Sure you are—here, one more little—  
(*Smelling salts—coughs*)—there—(*She fully comes to*) —there, that's the girl.

ANN. (*Murmurs softly*) What would I do without you? (*METCALF groans.*)

GARDNER. (*Puts salts on T.C. Crosses to front of sofa to METCALF quickly, studies him. ANN goes to table C., puts small piece of ice in her handkerchief.*) He's coming all right, look, keep the ice right there. see? (*Indicates forehead. ANN crosses to METCALF.*) Don't worry. Bob's in no hurry. He likes it. (*GARDNER goes to OAKES. ANN tries to hold the ice as directed, but her hand flutters all around his face, her eyes follow GARDNER. OAKES opens his eyes and gazes around bewildered, finally meets GARDNER'S eyes. Grins, pulls him up—sitting position.*) Hello.

ANN. Oh. (*Crosses to L. of GARDNER.*) You're alive?

OAKES. What's she talking about?

GARDNER. Don't remember, huh?

OAKES. (*Sees ice, towels, startled*) What's happened here?

GARDNER. Bob knocked you out, old man.

OAKES. Knocked me out? Metcalf? (*Rises.*) Don't make me laugh! (*Starts to horse-laugh, but hurts face.*) Ough! (*Drops into chair again. ANN drops piece of ice in bowl on T.C.*)

GARDNER. That's what happened. You both caught each other on the jaw at the same time and you both went down and out! (*Laughs*) I wouldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it— (*Laughs*) I didn't think a double knock-out was possible. (*To OAKES*) Did you ever see one yourself? You didn't see this one, you know. (*METCALF groans—mutters.*)

ANN. (*Crosses to METCALF—GARDNER to her R.*) S-s-s—Listen! He's trying to speak. (*He groans*



*second time.*) Oh, Bob, Bob! Do you hear me? It's Ann—oh, Bob——

GARDNER. (*On her R. Interrupts*) Take it easy, Miss Jordon, don't let him know you're worried, tell him everything's great, couldn't be better.

OAKES. (*Grimly*) Well, I guess he got his, all right. (*GARDNER goes to him.*)

ANN. You ought to be ashamed of yourself. You're so much bigger than Bob! (*Waves handkerchief again over METCALF.*)

OAKES. (*Rises*) Oh, is that so? (*To GARDNER*) Say, listen! I'll tie one hand behind my back and I'll take him on again, and——

ANN. Frank!

GARDNER. Not tonight you won't. I've waved my last towel tonight.

OAKES. (*Stops and gazes at GARDNER, threateningly*) Say, you're kind of fresh yourself; you know that, don't you? (*Goes to L. of piano, gets coat, starts pulling it on.*)

METCALF. (*Dreaming*) I'll get him! I'll get him!

OAKES. (*Starts toward METCALF—one arm in coat sleeve. Other sleeve dangling*) Get up and say that!

ANN. (*Frightened*) Stop him!

GARDNER. (*On his L.—stops him*) Oakes—now listen—— You knocked him coo-coo. Be satisfied. (*Attempts to help him with his coat*) Here, I'll help you.

OAKES. (*Snatches away—mutters*) Don't need any help around here.

ANN. I guess you don't know what Mr. Gardner did for you. He probably saved your life. Bob, can you hear me now?

OAKES. (*R. of arm chair c. Frowning, very disturbed. Trying to find other sleeve of coat, finally gets it on*) Say, Gardner—there's something I want to tell you before I go.

GARDNER. (*Lays towel on table c.*) Why, sure, what is it?

OAKES. (*Above R. of arm chair*) Well—it's this—if I ever hear about this anywhere—I'll know where it came from and if I were you——

GARDNER. (*Gets OAKES' hat on piano, hands it to him*) Don't worry, I won't tell a soul.

OAKES. (*Grimly*) You'd better not, and you know it. A thing like this can be exaggerated when it's handed around—and Metcalf didn't knock me out, you know.

GARDNER. No, no, I understand it was all in the spirit of fun, anyway. (*Goes up to door c., opens it, stands on R.*)

OAKES. (*Follows GARDNER up—stands L. of door. ANN gets salts, returns to BOB—passes bottle under his nose, then fans him with handkerchief*) No, I mean that, Gardner—Metcalf could never knock me out. (*Getting excited*) Look at him! Then look at me! Why, damn it, I've got a reputation—I've done a lot of amateur scrapping and—you just ask 'em around the club—they'll tell you. . . .

GARDNER. (*Working OAKES out of door, with his hand still on the knob, he gets OAKES part way out and is himself at L. side of door. Gets L. of door as you close it*) I don't have to ask them, Oakes. I know without asking. (*Working over BOB, ANN listens a little amused.*)

OAKES. (*Breaks through on R. side of GARDNER, at same time pushing GARDNER out, OAKES now in the room and GARDNER outside*) But don't you think that Metcalf can get away with this. (*GARDNER comes in and gradually gets OAKES outside.*) When he comes to, tell him I'll be right outside, right across the street. (*Exits front door.*)

GARDNER. (*As he goes*) Right behind the tree. (*GARDNER, finally getting him out, closes the door. Laughs.*)

ANN. Oh, thanks so much, for making him go.

GARDNER. (*Comes down c. His amusement turns to a little sympathy for OAKES*) Oh, well—he's all right, Miss Jordon—a fellow can show up pretty bad when he gets himself in wrong, and it can happen to the best of us. (*Crosses to sofa. Sudden, loud kidding*) Come on, what do you say, Bob, quit that stalling, will you. (*Takes the salts from ANN*) Here, give him one real dose of that and let's see if we can't—— (*He sticks the smelling salts under METCALF'S nose and keeps it there. METCALF starts gagging a little.*)

ANN. (*R. of GARDNER*) Don't choke him.

GARDNER. (*Sticks bottle closer*) Why, Bob loves it. He eats it. (*METCALF suddenly sits up, wildly gasps and has a coughing fit.*)

ANN. (*Crossing above GARDNER to sofa—ad lib.*) Oh, Bob, Bobby!

GARDNER. (*Pounds BOB on the back*) Listen, Bob—remember us?

METCALF. (*Blinks a few moments, then suddenly shudders—waves arms about—fighting*) Keep away from me! Keep away——

GARDNER. (*Interrupts*) It's all right, Bob. He's gone. He's gone.

METCALF. Oakes—he's gone?

GARDNER. He's gone—and he went away with just as much as he left you. There wasn't a thing to choose between you.

METCALF. (*Instantly full of war. Grimly*) Oh—so he's gone, has he?

GARDNER. He's gone, Bob.

METCALF. I see.

GARDNER. Yes, and he won't be back, either.

METCALF. You bet your life he won't come back.

GARDNER. I'll say he won't.

METCALF. You said it. (*To ANN—a little*) Where were you all the time?

GARDNER. Right with you, every moment.

ANN. Oh, Bobby, I thought he'd killed you.

METCALF. That big bum, don't be silly.

GARDNER. It was wonderful, Bob. I didn't think you had it in you.

METCALF. Oh, I was always pretty good for a fellow my size. But I couldn't keep my feet in these shoes. I was slipping and sliding all over the place.

GARDNER. (*Making excuses with him, kidding*) Yes, rubber soles are bad.

METCALF. (*Frowns*) Well, they are bad on polished hardwood floors. Anyway I distinctly remember—that I lost my balance, and I landed on my head on the floor, and knocked myself out—

GARDNER. (*Interrupts*) Yes, we were there, Bob, we saw everything, you don't have to explain, and I for one want to congratulate you. You're a hero. (*Holds hand out.*)

METCALF. Thanks, Jack. (*Shakes hand, then winces with pain*) Oh, r-r-r-r-r!

ANN and GARDNER. (*Hold his hand*) Oh, Bob! Oh, I'm sorry, Bob. (*Release hand.*)

METCALF. (*Rubbing arm*) Gee—I'm afraid I hit him so hard, I threw my arm out.

GARDNER. Be careful, we may have to set it.

METCALF. May at that. (*Arm rests on knee.*)

ANN. (*ANN lifts arm by sleeve of coat—at wrist, afraid to touch a broken arm*) Do you think it's broken? (*GARDNER takes arm—tests it by bending it, jack-knife, ad lib.*)

METCALF. (*Winces—afraid of pain*) Ah-r-r-r!

GARDNER. (*Turning arm in circle—ad lib.*) Now, let's try it this way—

METCALF. Ah-r-r-r-r (*Stopping him*) Give it to me! Give it to me! (*With his left hand, takes his right arm from GARDNER, moving it all around*)

I guess it's all right. I guess it isn't broken. I certainly hit him an awful wallop, though.

GARDNER. (*Kidding him in inference*) Funny, I thought that was the arm you fell on. That was a terrible fight.

METCALF. It was a fight, wasn't it?

GARDNER. It was a bird, Bob. I never saw one quite like it.

ANN. Hadn't you better go up and lie down?

METCALF. (*Gayly—rises*) Lie down—me? Don't be so foolish—I'm all right. When do we eat? (*Starts toward dining room.*)

GARDNER. (*Grabs him—starting him toward R.*) Take it easy, now, Bob. That's a good fellow. Go up stairs and lie down a little while, will you?

METCALF. (*Going to stairs. GARDNER above BOB, helps him over. ANN follows.*) Nonsense, don't worry about me. I'll go up and fix up and be right down! (*Wabbles on staircase.*)

GARDNER. Grab that banister as you go up, before you're down on your back. (*Turns to chair at piano.*)

ANN. (*Hurries to him*) Oh, Bobby, are you all right?

METCALF. (*Gayly—going up stairs*) Listen—say the word, and I'll walk right up this banister! (*ANN at foot of stairs, looking up.*)

GARDNER. (*To her*) I don't think he was knocked out, I think he's soused.

METCALF. (*From top of stairs*) Soused with joy, old pal! It's been a long, long fight, but I see her face in the East, at last! (*As he raises his arms, he loses balance, falls and rolls down stairs.*)

GARDNER and ANN. Look out! Bob! (*They rush to him on floor near newel post.*)

GARDNER. (*L. of him*) Hey, Bob, Bob! Are you all right?

METCALF. (*Struggles—sits up*) What's the matter? What's the matter?

GARDNER. What's the matter? Take it easy, will you?

ANN. (*Above and L. of BOB*) Oh, Bob, I'm so worried about you!

(*READY Phone.*)

METCALF. Where am I now?

GARDNER. On the floor. You're flopping all over the house.

ANN. Make him lie down. Bobby, you must lie down.

METCALF. All right. (*Lies down on the floor, head toward feet.*)

GARDNER. (*Grabs him by shoulders*) Here, here. Don't be silly! (*Gets him up in sitting position.*)

METCALF. (*Raving*) Where's Frank?

GARDNER. Oh, shut up!

ANN. What is the matter with him?

GARDNER. He's drunk.

METCALF. (*Warlike*) Where's Frank?

GARDNER. Shut up!

METCALF. I want Frank.

ANN. Take him up in that room, and make him lie down.

GARDNER. (*Gets him to his feet and starts with him upstairs*) Come on, Bob, be a good fellow, lie down on a bed for a change. (*Goes up with him.*)

METCALF. (*Slips on one of the steps. Ad lib. as they go upstairs*) I'll get that big stiff, and I'll knock his block off. Frank thinks that he is going to get away with this—etc.

GARDNER. (*Ad lib through above*) Will you stop worrying about Frank, etc.

METCALF. (*Turns at top of stairs. Gayly to ANN—Waves his hand over GARDNER'S shoulder*) Oo-oo-o! Oo-oo-o! (*GARDNER lugs METCALF off. Phone rings. ANN starts for phone, on cabinet.*)

(*Phone Rings.*)

ANN. (*In phone*) Hello— (*JULIA enters.*)



JULIA. Will you have dinner now, Miss?

ANN. We'll be right in.

JULIA. Mr. Oakes, and Mr. Metcalf and——

ANN. No, just Mr. Gardner and me.

JULIA. Yes, Miss. (*Exits L.*)

ANN. (*In phone*) Hello? (*Startled*) Oh, hello, Marion . . . what? (*Hesitatingly*) I don't know, I'll see if he's here. (*Lays the receiver down, goes foot of stairs, starts to call up*) Mr.—— (*Stops, goes back and hangs phone up. Starts to go up-stairs, when about C., phone rings, gesture impatiently, goes to phone*) Hello—yes, we were cut off. . . . (*Holds phone, wondering what to do. In phone*) Hold the wire. (*Tries to break the wire—pulls it, twists it, etc. Lays receiver down off hook, quickly gets a pair of scissors on table L.C., to cut the wire. As GARDNER enters, she hides scissors behind her.*)

GARDNER. (*Enters down stairs—coming to above sofa*) Got him in bed and he's asleep. I guess that's going some. What a wild man he turned out to be. (*Sees receiver off*) Oh, is that——

ANN. (*Quickly*) It's for you. (*Crossing front, lays scissors on table—sits on sofa.*)

GARDNER. (*Crossing above, to phone*) Oh, thanks. (*In phone*) Hello. (*Startled*) Oh, hello, Marion! No, I didn't forget to phone, this is the first moment I have had a chance to do anything—haven't had dinner yet, have you?—All right, be right over. Sure, you bet, bye bye. (*Hangs up—goes right*) I didn't know it was so late.

ANN. (*Timidly*) Dinner's all ready here, if you want to stay.

GARDNER. Oh, no, thanks, I've got to go—thanks just the same. (*Exits into room right. JULIA enters from dining room.*)

JULIA. All ready, miss.

ANN. (*Gives up hope*) Never mind, Julia.

JULIA. Yes, Miss. (*Exits left. GARDNER enters from R., carrying his model of the bridge. It stands on a board 5 feet long, 14 inches wide. Cantilever type; 4 towers; 2 levels, upper for driveway, sidewalks, etc.; lower for elevated tracks, etc; 4 little toll houses, one at each end of sidewalk; 12 miniature electric light globes, practical one on each of the toll houses, two on each tower, connected by cord to pocket in base board at R. of cabinet. A little crank on front side of model, under the lower level, raises and lowers the draw. For full description of model use Prop. Plot.*)

GARDNER. You may know how I'm going to get all this junk out, but I don't. (*Turns to put it on arms of chair R.*)

ANN. (*Rising*) What is that?

GARDNER. (*Coming to front of R. of piano with model*) My model.

ANN. (*Going to his L.*) Oh, it's the most wonderful thing I've ever seen. (*Puts her hand on it as though trying to take it*) Come on, show it to me.

GARDNER. I haven't time, Miss Jordon.

ANN. (*Drawing him toward table L.C.*) I'm the only one that hasn't seen it.

(*READY Lights Out.*)

GARDNER. (*Laughing*) I'd like to, but I've got a lot of stuff to get together before I go.

ANN. (*Still drawing him toward the table*) You can keep Marion waiting just a minute.

GARDNER. (*Still laughing through it*) Miss Jordon, you don't really want to see this.

ANN. (*Front of sofa. Indicates the lower end of table L.C.*) Put it down there, on the table.

GARDNER. This is silly, it's foolish. (*GARDNER places the model on the lower end of table, then goes above the L. of model; at lower L. of table. ANN goes to front of model and commences to examine it.*)

ANN. (*Examining it, gets to front of L. of it*) What was it you and Daddy were talking about, what did he think was wrong?

GARDNER. Why, he was afraid that sudden weather changes would affect the counterweights that—

ANN. (*Turning the crank that lifts up the draw*) Oh, look, look! It goes up.

GARDNER. Yes, I've seen that. Now your father was afraid——

ANN. (*Reversing handle—the draw closes*) Did you really build this all by yourself?

GARDNER. Sure, I did.

ANN. (*Again raises draw*) Ha—Have you got a little boat?

GARDNER. Say, what do you think this is, a toy?

ANN. (*Again raises draw*) It's the dearest toy I ever saw in all my life—— Oh, please get excited about it.

GARDNER. Say, listen, I'll be excited enough about it tomorrow. (*Placing chair at L. of table L.C., in position for final scene of act. A little below the line of table, and far enough to the L. to allow ANN plenty of room between chair and end of bridge. Goes to front of bridge about to lift it. ANN to R. of bridge.*) Well——

ANN. (*At R. of bridge*) Aren't you going to tell me about it?

GARDNER. I'm sorry, Miss Jordon, but I haven't the time, I must go, really.

ANN. (*Using her wiles to make him stay*) Well, if you must go—you must. What are those little lights for?

GARDNER. Why, the lights light.

ANN. Don't tell me these lights light.

GARDNER. Sure they do.

ANN. Oh, no, they don't.

GARDNER. They don't, eh?

ANN. No, you can't fool me.

GARDNER. Yes, they do, honest.

ANN. I don't believe it.

GARDNER. Say, you're a girl who believes what she sees, aren't you? (*Pushes button below door on left—turns out all lights—everything black inside set.*)

(*LIGHTS Out.*)

ANN. (*Steps on sofa, sits on R. side of table, above bridge*) I don't see any lights.

GARDNER. You'll see them. (*Takes the electric cord for the light going to a fuse plate on wall at R. of cabinet.*)

ANN. Where are they?

GARDNER. Wait a minute, wait a minute.

ANN. I can't wait—what are you doing?

GARDNER. Say, listen, I shouldn't be doing this at all. (*Attaches plug on cord to base plate for connection on model that lights up the little lamps*) There they are. (*She is delighted.*) How's that?

ANN. It is—just a toy. (*Touching a main brace*) What's that?

GARDNER. (*At L. of T. above L. end of bridge*) Ssh—ss—that's the big secret.

ANN. (*In a loud whisper*) That's what keeps it from falling down?

GARDNER. (*Aloud*) Lord, I hope so. (*Points to lower level of bridge*) See the way the elevated is all fenced in.

ANN. How many tracks are there? One, two, three—

GARDNER. Look out!

ANN. What?

GARDNER. You almost touched the third rail. (*She laughs.*)

ANN. Where's the sidewalks?

GARDNER. (*Indicates on top level*) Right there—on the sides—and that's some walk across.

ANN. (*Places two fingers of her right hand on*

*her end of bridge and walks them to c.)* Well, here I am walking across.

GARDNER. Better not walk across that bridge alone—no place for a lady.

ANN. Isn't it safe alone?

GARDNER. Should say not.

ANN. Well, you come on over and meet me.

GARDNER. Yes, I will.

ANN. (*Coax*) Oh, come on over.

GARDNER. I will not.

ANN. Come on, just for fun.

GARDNER. What do you think I made this for—(*Wiggles fingers—imitating ANN walking her fingers*) Just to play around like this?

ANN. Don't talk, walk.

GARDNER. Oh, all right. Here I come. (*Walks his fingers from other end of bridge, meets hers.*)

ANN. (*Wiggling her thumb*) Hello!

(*READY Lights Up.*)

GARDNER. (*Wiggling his thumb*) Hello! How are you?

ANN. I don't know you.

GARDNER. Oh—Ritzy—huh?

ANN. (*Crosses fingers*) A girl has to be careful.

GARDNER. Nice morning, isn't it?

ANN. Lights ain't lit in the morning, you big boob.

GARDNER. Then what are you doing out so late, alone?

ANN. Oh, I can take care of myself.

GARDNER. Yep.

ANN. Yep. (*Starts to go the way she came.*)

GARDNER. Hey—wait a minute—wait a minute! (*Fingers walk after her.*)

ANN. I got to go home, honest. Ain't you going my way?

GARDNER. No, I'm sorry, kid, I've got a date of

my own—glad to have met you, though, so long.  
(*Wiggles his thumb.*)

ANN. So long. (*They separate—walk their fingers to different ends of bridge—laugh embarrassed*) Aren't you glad nobody saw you doing that?

GARDNER. I should say I am.

ANN. Let's do it again.

(*LIGHTS Up.*)

GARDNER. I should say not. (*Presses button below door left—all lights come back on opening of act; returns, removes connection from base board—coils cord*) Lord, I get dreaming of this thing and forget I'm alive. At that I can't realize that by this time tomorrow night we'll be on our way.

ANN. (*Thrilled by the mere sound of the word*) We?

GARDNER. The bridge and I.

ANN. (*Suddenly startled*) Tomorrow?

GARDNER. Work will start at once. What was it Bob said—It's been a long, long day, but I see the gold in the West, at last. (*Grins at her.*)

ANN. (*Tries to smile back*) And you'll be gone—how long?

GARDNER. Oh—six years.

ANN. (*Murmurs*) Six years?

GARDNER. Maybe ten. You never know what you'll run into. It's all such an adventure.

ANN. Then—this is your last night here?

GARDNER. Yes, this is the end. Let's see. (*Crossing quickly front of T.C.*) I'll grab that blue print, and I'm off. (*Quickly exits R. The full misery of love sweeps over her, as she visualizes what the tomorrow will be without him. She looks at bridge. Her hands caress it. ANN realizes she must stop him from going for the moment, rises, thinks fast, murmurs.*)

ANN. Six years. (*Then hurries into closet, gets*



*his hat, and has just time to hide it under sofa cushions—at front end. Sits on sofa.)*

GARDNER. (*Enters, rolling up blue print—to front of piano. Indicating model*) Sure you don't mind if I leave it here tonight and send for it in the morning?

ANN. Of course not.

GARDNER. (*Putting rubber band on prints*) That's fine. Thanks. (*Goes to her, holds out hand.*) Well, Miss Jordon, I may never see you again.

ANN. (*Shaking hands*) Oh—you'll be back some day.

GARDNER. (*Moves toward c.*) Yes, but a lot of water's going to flow under the bridge before I'm back. And by that time, you may be living in another part of the world, you'll be all settled down somewhere, married, perhaps a mother. (*Laughs*) You know, six or seven years can make a lot of difference.

ANN. And you'll probably forget all about us.

GARDNER. (*Earnestly*) No, I won't. (*Switches*) I'll never forget what your father has done for me. Hardly.

ANN. (*Looks at him*) Well—now that you're really going—— (*They both laugh, embarrassed*) I'm just beginning to realize how much I'm going to miss—(*He looks at her expectantly*)—the bridge.

GARDNER. Really?

ANN. Yes, it's funny, I've always had everything I wanted—and all my friends have had everything they wanted. I never knew anyone before who—had everything to win—and it's—it's just like what you said, isn't it—an adventure.

GARDNER. (*Smiles*) Do you think you'd swap if you were a man?

ANN. Oh, yes, if I were a man I wouldn't want to be left a lot of money. If I were a man I'd want to be—just like you.

GARDNER. (*Lightly*) Well, that's a sweet thing for a girl to say. And I don't mind saying, if I were a girl, I'd want to be just like you. (*Laughs*) Fair enough, huh? (*She tries to smile back. Holds hand out. Crisp*) Well, goodbye, Miss Jordon, it's been mighty nice to have known you. (*Shaking hands—turns to go up c.*)

ANN. (*Retaining his hand*) Goodbye—and oh—so much luck!

GARDNER. Thank you, and the same to you, Miss Jordon! (*She slightly squeezes his hand—he gives a final shake. Goes up L. of piano, lays the blue print on top, and crossing above, goes into closet.*)

ANN. (*Still sitting on sofa*) And some time when you're not too busy, I would love to hear how you're doing, and the bridge.

GARDNER. (*Gets coat and feeling for hat*) I certainly will. I'll keep you in touch with it.

ANN. You might take pictures of it every so often, and it would be just like seeing it built.

GARDNER. (*Lays coat on upper side of piano*) That's a good idea. I'll do that. (*Returns to closet, taking down coats in his search.*)

ANN. I'll have the model so clearly in my mind, it will be very interesting to me, to see it gradually come to life. Please don't forget.

GARDNER. (*Searching wildly for hat, doesn't hear her*) Where the devil——

ANN. What——

GARDNER. (*Getting sore*) I can't find my hat.

ANN. (*Rises—crossing above piano*) Oh.

GARDNER. (*Grimly in closet*) That's a hot way to get away; say goodbye forever, and then lose your hat.

ANN. (*Joins him in closet*) Where did you put it?

GARDNER. Always put it right up there. (*They continue the search ab lib., moving off slightly and*

*partly closing door in their hunt. METCALF enters, coming down the stairs, is all brushed up, eye and nose fixed.)*

METCALF. Well, everything's all right now. *(Comes down all smiles and brushed up. Hums)* Everything's all right now. *(Looks around, perplexed. Hears the voices in the closet. Startled, goes to R. of piano, opens door.)*

ANN. It must be here.

GARDNER. If you can find it, you're a wizard.

ANN. *(Pointing to shelf)* Did you look up there?

GARDNER. I've looked everywhere.

ANN. There's another shelf there.

METCALF. Ann!

ANN. *(To R. of METCALF)* Did you think we were lost?

METCALF. *(Above R. of piano L. of ANN)* What are you doing in the closet?

GARDNER. *(At R. of ANN. Snaps)* Looking for my hat, what do you think?

METCALF. What do you want your hat for?

GARDNER. I want to put it on my head, and get out of here. Marion's waiting for me and I'm late. *(Goes into closet again.)*

METCALF. *(Beams)* Oh, I see.

GARDNER. That's wonderful, Bob.

METCALF. Where is your hat?

GARDNER. *(Comes to door)* Say, if I knew where it— Oh, don't. *(Goes back in closet.)*

ANN. *(Comes down R. of piano)* I know—let's have dinner before we look again.

METCALF. No, I've got an idea—Jack, telephone for a taxi and go home and get a hat.

GARDNER. That's a bright idea, I'll do that. *(Runs above piano to phone on cabinet. ANN desperate, comes to R. of and above sofa.)*

METCALF. *(Goes to her R.)* Ann, dearest, if it hadn't been for Jack, I never would have won you.

There never would have been this wonderful night for me, if it hadn't been for his advice.

GARDNER. (*In phone*) Will you get me the nearest taxi stand, please?

ANN. (*Amazed*) Wonderful night for you?

METCALF. The night of my life. Don't look, Jack. (GARDNER, *holding phone, turns away*. METCALF *tries to put arms around her*.)

ANN. Bob!

METCALF. (*Startled*) What? (GARDNER *looks around*.)

ANN. Are you crazy? I mean—really.

METCALF. What do you mean?

ANN. How dare you try to kiss me, after all I've told you? (METCALF *stares at her, then stares at GARDNER*. GARDNER *stares at METCALF*. Then METCALF and GARDNER *stare at her*. All *bewildered*.)

METCALF. (*Rubs head. Indicates by wave of hand for GARDNER to help him out*) Jack. (*Stops*.)

GARDNER. (*Puts down phone. Comes to upper L. of T.L.C.*) We don't understand you, Miss Jordon. You're in love with Bob, aren't you?

ANN. Mr. Gardner, I've tried all week to tell Bob no, and I tried to tell you the same thing. Won't you please tell me why you both seem so surprised? (*Bursts out*) Bob, you must be crazy.

METCALF. (*Bursts out*) God knows, maybe I am, I don't know. (*Going to R. of arm chair C.*)

ANN. (*To above T.C.*) But, Bob, how many times have I said no!

METCALF. (*To GARDNER*) Jack, didn't you tell me that Frank told you, that she told him——

GARDNER. (*Above T.L.C.*) That's what he told me, Bob.

ANN. (*Crossing to sofa*) Frank told you that I loved Bob?

GARDNER. There's no mistake about it, Miss Jordon.

ANN. (*Fervently*) Oh, what a mistake. (*Sits sofa.*)

METCALF. Oh, this is terrible. (*Going up c.*) This is awful.

ANN. But, Bob. I didn't tell him that, I didn't!

METCALF. (*To her*) But you must have. (*Sits below her on sofa*) Ann, listen, I can't stand any more of this. You either lied to him, or you're lying to me, I don't know why, but—but ever since I've known you, I haven't known anything. (*GARDNER, sorry for METCALF, gazes at her, frowning*) —But now I must know! I can't stand it any longer. I must know where I stand!

ANN. I've told you, Bob. (*Turns away.*)

METCALF. (*Rises to front of her, so as to catch her eye*) To my face, yes, but behind my back, you tell people you love me.

ANN. Oh, my goodness!

METCALF. But you did turn Frank down, didn't you?

ANN. (*Rises*) Yes.

METCALF. Why did you turn him down?

ANN. (*Going to R. of stool, sits facing c.*) I didn't love him enough.

METCALF. (*Follows her above T.C.*) Why didn't you love him enough?

ANN. How do I know?

METCALF. But why should Frank tell Jack that I was the reason, if there wasn't something said about me?

ANN. I don't know, Bob, I don't know.

GARDNER. (*Goes to L. of METCALF*) Take it easy, Bob.

METCALF. Listen, you've told me the truth, haven't you? You told Frank that there was no one else?

ANN. Yes.

METCALF. (*Great relief. Sitting arm chair*) Then, Ann—there's still hope for me?

GARDNER. Why, sure, Bob.

ANN. (*Fervently*) No, Bob—there isn't—there isn't any hope at all for you. (GARDNER'S *hand on METCALF'S shoulder.*)

METCALF. You mean you lied to Frank—there is some one else?

ANN. (*Desperate*) No, I mean, I don't know—

METCALF. Oh, my God, she's got another! (GARDNER *instantly sorry for METCALF and unconsciously jealous of the unknown.*)

GARDNER. (*At L. of METCALF, hand on his shoulder*) No, she didn't say that, Bob. (*To her*) Miss Jordon, you don't mean you're in love with another man, do you?

ANN. (*Simply*) I guess it's the first thing—I've ever meant in all my life. (*Pause. GARDNER crosses to sofa.*)

METCALF. (*Groans*) Oh-h-h! (*Rises—goes to R. of arm chair c.*) Oh, what's a fellow going to do up against a thing like this? (*Suddenly*) Oh, my God! And that fight! Knocking each other's blocks off, and for what? (*Wails*) Oh, this is too much! Too much! This is—— (*Whirls around to her—to above T.C.*) Ann—who is it? Who is it?

ANN. That is entirely my affair.

METCALF. (*Over the table to her*) I'll make it mine! Wait till I find him! I'll get Frank and between us, we'll kill him!

ANN. (*Rises. Blazes*) Bob, if you ever come near me again, I'll scream in your face. (METCALF *sinks into arm chair c. ANN going up c.*) For one whole week, you've done nothing but hound me, and Bob, if you don't stop you'll drive me crazy! (*Returns to him*) How dare you follow me everywhere? What right have you to say all these things to me! What right—— (*Suddenly stops and she calms. METCALF has hung his head and he's through. Gently*) Forgive me, Bob—I know you love me—



and that would give you the right—to almost anything. (*Sits—stool.*)

METCALF. Well—you've given it to me straight all right, Ann—— (*Rises*) And now I know it's the end—I'll not bother you any more. (*Goes up L. of piano, gets his hat and coat—carries coat over his arm.*)

ANN. (*Murmurs*) Oh, Bob, I——

GARDNER. (*Joins him on his L.*) I can't tell you how sorry I am, Bob, that I got things all bawled up, but——

METCALF. Oh, that's all right, Jack. You've been fine to me from the start—and I appreciate it, too, and in the future any time I want anything—I'll come around and let you fix it up. (*Goes to D.C., opens it*) Good night. (*Exits front door. ANN waits, wondering. Long pause.*)

GARDNER. (*To front of piano chair. Thinking and frowning*) Well, well, well.

ANN. What—what did you say?

GARDNER. Huh?

ANN. I thought you said something.

GARDNER. No, I didn't say anything.

ANN. You said well, well, well.

GARDNER. Well—maybe I did. I was thinking.

ANN. Then it did mean something?

GARDNER. (*To lower R. of T.C.*) Yes, it did—it meant that I had you all wrong, Miss Jordon, that's what it meant. I thought you were a real nice girl, just caught in a jam, and all the time you were just kidding them both along.

ANN. I thought that amused you.

GARDNER. (*Trying to understand what she means*) I don't know, did it? No, not really, for now when it's all over, it seems—oh, I don't know—but I know how those fellows must feel, and I'm sorry for 'em. And it seems so ridiculous for a little thing like you with all that power, that's what I'm really trying to

tell you. (*Getting sore*) Look at you, what could be more innocent looking than a girl like you—and yet—you're the most cruel thing in all the world. You're all so . . . so . . . (*Turns to R.C.*) I don't know. Oh, ten years from now you'll be different—a woman has a heart—but a girl—nothing but a lot of conceit, a lot of pretty clothes, a lot of laughs, a lot of boys and a lot of men and——(*Turns R.I.*) I—hate 'em.

ANN. (*Amazed*) You—hate me?

GARDNER. (*To lower L. of piano. Throws it away*) Well, you know what I mean.

ANN. No, I don't.

GARDNER. (*To R.C.*) I don't either, but I mean something. (*To above T.C.*) Who's the next sucker; do I know him?

ANN. (*Shakes head*) No.

GARDNER. (*Murmurs*) The damn fool. (*Frowning and thinking. Going up to L. of piano, putting on coat. ANN frightened.*)

ANN. What are you doing?

GARDNER. (*Snaps*) I'm putting my coat on.

ANN. Are you going?

GARDNER. (*Grimly*) I'm going to make another attempt. I don't know how far I'll get.

ANN. (*After effort*) Please—don't go.

GARDNER. (*L. of piano*) Why not?

ANN. Well, I'll be alone—in the house and I'll be frightened.

GARDNER. (*Takes out gloves*) You've got Julia.

ANN. It's her night out.

GARDNER. (*To above R. of arm chair c.*) Oh, well, call some woman in; wouldn't be right for me to be here, any way.

ANN. (*Murmurs*) Oh, I'm safe enough with you.

GARDNER. (*To above T.C. Grimly*) Is that so?

ANN. I think so.

GARDNER. (*Going to D.C.*) Just the same, I'm going.

ANN. Please.

GARDNER. (*Snaps*) How do I know!

ANN. (*Rises, goes up c. Satisfied*) Then you don't.

GARDNER. How do you know?

ANN. (*Fervently*) Because if you did, you'd know it!

GARDNER. (*Above T.C.*) You're a fine one to talk! That's as pretty a piece of inconsistency as I've ever . . . too bad Frank and Bob weren't in on that. And yet, I've got to give you a lot of credit. You sound so sincere and simple. I certainly pity any fellow you go after. He's got all my sympathy— (*To door c.*) Well, goodbye.

ANN. (*To L. of D.*) Are you going?

GARDNER. Yes, I'm going.

ANN. Are you really going?

GARDNER. Yes, really!

ANN. (*Crosses to sofa—he drops c. Stoops down and gets his hat from under cushion, goes to him and offers it. Drops eyes.*)

GARDNER. (*Startled, stares at her, takes hat, stares at it, stares at sofa, then stares at her, trying to get it.*) How'd you know it was under there?

ANN. (*Avoiding his eyes*) I put it there.

GARDNER. Why?

ANN. Because I didn't want you to go.

GARDNER. Why not?

ANN. (*Looks into his eyes*) Because I love you.

GARDNER. (*Groans, distractedly*) Oh, my God! (*Goes—distractedly down to R.I., turns immediately.*)

ANN. (*Goes to sofa, sits*) You can go, now.

GARDNER. (*To door c. Sore*) Of course I can go! Of course I can go! (*To L. of piano*) But what did you want to tell me that for?

ANN. (*Gently*) Well . . . if you adored a girl . . . and knew she cared nothing for you . . . you'd want her to know, wouldn't you? (*Softly, amazed—almost to herself*) It's so strange—you don't seem to have any pride—when you really care.

GARDNER. (*To her—leans down. Sneers*) What do you mean, you really care?

ANN. (*Murmurs*) I'm crazy about you.

GARDNER. (*Backing away to c.*) Honest, it's dangerous to be around you, it's terrible! (*Goes to her—stoops over—close to her*) Now, I'll be just as frank as you are. I'll tell you something. What do you think I was sore about when I heard you had another sweetheart . . . because I was sorry for Bob? Oh, no, because I was getting jealous. . . . (*A great hope enters her mind.*) Yes, that's right, there was something about an unknown—I don't know, but something! I realize now, I used your house to work in because you live in it. I can look back and see I've been slipping all week. Why, another week with you—(*Goes away to R.C.*)—and you'd have *me* running in the back door!

ANN. (*Fervently*) Oh, would you, really . . .

GARDNER. (*Interrupts, returns to her*) Yes, but I won't, don't worry. I don't want to love you, Miss Jordon, I don't want to.

ANN. But why, why not?

GARDNER. I'm afraid of you.

ANN. Oh, no!

GARDNER. Oh, yes!

ANN. Oh, please don't be, if you only knew what I would do for you.

GARDNER. (*Moves away*) Yes, I know what you'd do to me. I give you my word, I never saw as much fighting in the war as I've seen right here. And I'm no better than they are. I knew 'em once when they were both normal.

ANN. I don't believe you were jealous. You couldn't talk like that.

GARDNER. (*Goes to her*) Listen, the odds are 100 to 1, I think twice as much of you as you do of me. (*They face to face.*)

ANN. Oh, no, you don't!

GARDNER. 100 to 1.

ANN. No, no, no!

GARDNER. Yes!

ANN. No!

GARDNER. (*Leaning down, close to her*) What license have you got to argue with me? You've had twenty fellows already, and you'll have twenty more. (*Stands up—thinking*) Why, I never had a real girl in my life. (*To above T.C.*) I never wanted a girl before!

(*READY Phone.*)

ANN. Oh, you dear!

GARDNER. (*Desperately*) But I don't want you. (*To chair at piano*) I'll be damned if I do. (*Manner changes, goes to her, leans over, quietly*) Miss Jordan, can't you understand—I'm not situated like these friends of yours. I've got to make good yet—and you can't work and worry about a girl . . . just can't be done . . . I don't say a woman couldn't help a fellow along, probably could if she really cared for him, but I don't want a pretty little girl like you, it doesn't mean anything.

ANN. (*Murmurs*) I don't feel like a girl any more.

GARDNER. Well, that's all you are—just a pretty little girl, oh, not all; you're a charming girl, Miss Jordan, charming, lovely and exciting. I consider it a high honor to be included in the crowd, but I'll pass the parade up if you don't mind. I've got a march of my own to make, and I've got to give it all, I've got to get there. . . . (*Holds hand down*) So let's part good friends . . . what do you say? (*She*

*slowly takes his hand, then starts to kiss it. Thrilled and furious*) Please don't do that.

ANN. (*Brokenly, holds his hand*) Why don't you go! Why don't you go!

GARDNER. (*Removes hand—goes to c. Sore*) I'm going all right, but I hate to remember you as a little flirt. . . .

ANN. (*Suddenly rises*) Don't call me that!

GARDNER. That's just what you are!

ANN. Say you don't mean that. . . .

GARDNER. Well, I did mean it.

ANN. I don't like you for saying that.

GARDNER. That's too bad. (*Phone.*)

(PHONE Rings.)

ANN. (*Furious*) I did love you, but now you've made me hate you!

GARDNER. (*At table c. Really furious*) Yes, that's just about as long as I thought it would last. (*Phone.*)

(PHONE Rings.)

ANN. (*To L. of him. Furious*) But what do I care what you think of me? What do I care?

GARDNER. You'd care what any man would think of you. . . .

ANN. (*Interrupts*) How dare you say that—How dare you—you said I was conceited! You're the biggest egotist I've ever known. (*Phone again.*)

(PHONE Rings.)

GARDNER. Yes, I'm going to be a big man, you can bet your life on that! (*Phone.*)

(PHONE Rings.)

ANN. (*Crossing above table L.C. to phone*) What ever you are, you're the first person I've ever really hated—the first one—in all my— (*She picks up phone, removes receiver, but does not attempt to put it to her ear—takes it for granted it's MARION calling. Replaces phone on cabinet, receiver still off*) Oh, it's for you. (*Coming down L., crossing front*)



to R.C. GARDNER hurries, crosses above T.L.C., takes up phone. Continuing, crosses above T.C. to U.R. of sofa.) Go on, go on—tell her you're leaving right this moment. I hope I never see you again in my life!

GARDNER. You needn't worry about that, because— (In phone, savagely) Hello! (ANN goes to chair at piano, sits, instantly rises, starts for stairs. Calms) Oh, hello, didn't know it was you. Do you want to speak to Ann? (ANN stops at foot of stairs, startled.) What—but I don't understand. But I thought you weren't going to decide until tomorrow. . . . (ANN listens perplexed. Wilts.) Oh, I see . . . I see . . . well, thanks, Mr. Jordon, for all you tried to do for me, anyway. (ANN startled.) You bet I will—you bet—sure—goodbye. (Slowly hangs up, goes to chair L. which was placed during bridge scene, steadies himself. ANN comes to above stool. He sinks on chair L. in a daze. She stares at him. He meets her eyes and looks away, ashamed.)

ANN. They've taken another bridge?

GARDNER. (Murmurs) You've guessed it.

ANN. I can't believe it.

GARDNER. (Bitterly) That's what they've done. My little bridge turned out to be just what you said it was—just a toy.

(WARN Curtain.)

ANN. (To front of sofa) But it isn't fair!

GARDNER. Oh, it's fair enough. They know what they want.

ANN. (Crosses to him) They don't either. How do they know it's any better than yours if they've never seen yours? What's the matter with them? Why didn't they give you a chance? It's outrageous. It's rotten!

GARDNER. (A little thrilled) No, those breaks are all in the game. Someone has to lose.

ANN. (*Goes to front of sofa. Interrupts, furious*)  
But they've cheated you!

GARDNER. Oh, no. . . .

ANN. They have, too! They've deliberately  
cheated you, and I could kill 'em!

GARDNER. (*Surprised*) Say, are you sorry for  
me?

ANN. I'm broken hearted for you.

GARDNER. (*Amazed*) You are?

ANN. Of course I am.

GARDNER. Why?

ANN. Because I love you, of course.

GARDNER. You don't mean that you love me now?

ANN. What's the difference?

GARDNER. I've failed.

ANN. What's the difference?

GARDNER. I guess you don't understand. I haven't  
a dime in the world.

ANN. (*Goes to him, kneels*) I don't care what  
you are. I don't care what you've got. I'd love  
you if you were the greatest engineer in the world,  
and I'd love you if you were the worst, I don't care.

GARDNER. You mustn't talk like that.

ANN. How can I help it? All I do is tell you  
how much I love you, and all you do is call me names.

GARDNER. But don't you see. . . .

ANN. (*Interrupts*) And the crazy things you've  
said—to compare yourself with Bob and Frank—  
can't you see the difference—when thought I loved  
them I was always happy—life was just what you  
said it was . . . pretty clothes and parties—but that  
wasn't love—that was just—(*Thinks*)—being in  
love with love . . . then you came . . . and I never  
was so happy in my life—ever since I've known you  
I've been sick because I was so afraid I'd lose you.  
Oh, please marry me and put me out of my misery.

GARDNER. (*Gasps*) I couldn't believe you before,  
and I mustn't believe you now.

ANN. If you don't, I'll chase you like Bob never chased me.

GARDNER. (*Thrilled*) Ann, you mustn't talk like that. You don't know what it means to a fellow to hear a girl rave like that when he's licked. He'd go to hell for her!

ANN. Don't go to hell, dear. I'd have to go too.

GARDNER. On the level, do you really love me?

ANN. I'm wild about you. Do you love me a little?

GARDNER. Ann, I never was as happy as this in all my life!

ANN. Oh, don't be happy. I want you to be just as miserable as I was. (*They embrace as the curtain falls.*)

THE CURTAIN FALLS

## KEY TO DIAGRAM

- I Curtain.
- R. Returns.
- 2 Double glass doors to dining room, L.
- 3 Door to Gardner's room, R.
- 4 Door, main entrance, outside, c.
- 5 Windows, R.C.—L.C.
- 6 Door to closet, R.3.
- 7 Stairways, R.2.
- N. Newel post, R.2.
- 8 Mantel, hearthstone, etc., L.3.
- 9 Sectional plan of platform, R.2.
- 10 One-step, R.2.
- 11 Platform, R.2.
- 12 Steps to stage, R.2.
- 13 Backing for closet, with two shelves, coat hooks,  
R.3.
- 14 Backing for dining room L.
- 14 Three-quarters backing for Gardner's room R.1.
- 14 One-half backing to platform, R.2.
- 15 Hedge, entrance made back of it, above head  
high, c. up.
- 16 Pillars, arch between, c. up.
- 17 Back drop, landscape.
- 18 Fireplace backing.
- P. Pilasters.
- 19 ———.
- 20 Rug, fifteen feet square two, 4 1-2 by 6 1-2.
- 21 Ground cloth, covers stage with 15 inch border.
- 22 Library table, L.C.
- 23 Side chair, L. of T.
- 24 Sofa, R. of T.L.C.

- 25 Arm chair, R. of C.T.
- 26 Gate-leg table, C.
- 26 One-half stool, L. of T.
- 27 Baby grand piano.
- 28 Side chair.
- 29 Piano bench .
- 30 Arm chair.
- 31 Round table R.C. window.
- 32 Side chair, L. of L.C. window.
- 33 Small table, L.C. window.
- 34 Bookcase, cabinet, L.
- 35 Side chair, L.
- 36 High chest.
- 37 Piano.
- 38 Piano stool.
- 39 Pictures on walls.
- 40 Wall brackets.
- 41 Push button, below mantel.
- 42 Baseboard pocket for bridge.
- 43 Push switch plate.
- 44 Ground row.

## ACT I

SCENE: *A room in WILLIAM JORDON'S house.*

*The set is fourteen feet high. The setting line is forty feet, six inches wide. The back flat is sixteen and a half feet. The back flat is twelve feet wide, centered. On setting line measure eighteen feet three inches both ways. From above points measure up, perpendicular, eleven feet. Then on stage six feet, six inches, both sides. These points are joined to the ends of the back flat by a quadrant of a circle with a radius of about five feet, nine inches. From the points on the setting line measure up two feet, draw the quadrant of a circle, radius two feet, to meet the off-stage points of the setting*

*line. On the eleven foot side on L. measure up five feet four and a half inches to the center of a three foot, nine inch, double glass door, swings off stage, entrance to dining room. On the eleven foot line on R. measure up five feet, the center of a three foot door, swings off and up stage, GARDNER'S room. Center of back flat, a three foot two inch door, glass upper half, transom; swings down stage and off to the R. general entrance from outside. From c. of back flat measure both ways to two feet nine inches, the center of three foot windows. In center of quadrant up stage on R. is a three foot door, swings off stage and down, the door to the closet. In center of quadrant up stage on L. is a mantel, fireplace, etc. A panel picture out in wall above the mantel. On eleven foot line on R. measure up seven feet, four inches, then on stage parallel to sitting line six feet six inches, then up to the other six foot six inch line, this is the ground plan of the stairs, balustrade, newel post, etc., seven steps, eight raisers to a six foot platform running off stage, then a one step onto a six foot six inch platform running down stage. Steps from this platform to the stage.*

*Ceiling for entire set.*

*Backing for center door, landscape drop.*

*Between drop and back flat, a high hedge, to mask entrances of people. In the center are two pillars, the sides of an archway, hedge and arch covered with vines, etc. The arch is directly back of center door. Dining room door is backed by a two piece interior backing, each five foot nine inches.*

*Door on R. is backed by a two-piece interior backing, five foot nine inches, going off stage;*



*it sets in the angle of the two platforms for stairs.*

*The closet door is backed by interior backing, runs obliquely up stage for two feet, then straight off stage; about six feet above the stage a shelf is attached to this backing and a second shelf about fifteen inches above the first. A number of brass coat hanging hooks are under the lower shelf.*

*Fireplace backing, hearthstone.*

*Pilasters just above the small quadrants on R. and L. at the lower ends of the large quadrants, at top of stairs, eight inch base. Beam over stairway.*

PROPERTIES: *Ground cloth covers the stage, polished wood finish, and a fifteen inch border around inside set.*

*A fifteen foot square rug in center of set, front edge on setting line.*

*A four foot, six inch rug up and down stage at door on L. Another rug, same as above at door R. running on stage.*

FURNITURE: *High chest, in dining room; cabinet, bookcase, top half glass, filled with books, walnut, against flat on L. Side chair above door on L. Table, small, library, at L.C. Sofa, upholstered, at R. of back to above table. Side chair L. of above table. Low gate leg table C., walnut. Arm chair, upholstered, at R. of above table setting obliquely back to foots. Crossing space between upper end of mantel and window. Stool at L. of above table. Table front of window L. of door C. Side chair at L. of above, set obliquely and facing it. Small table front of window R. of door C. (stand). Piano, baby grand, up R.C. front of closet door set obliquely. Bench at R. of piano. Side chair front of piano. Arm chair on R. front of stairs. Small round*

table at R. of above. Mantel up L. in quadrant. Upright piano in closet (if necessary). Screen, cut out, to mask piano, when used.

PICTURES: Small panel above stairway. Portrait of man, on backing, in dining room above the chest, gold frame. Panel painting, above mantel.

CURTAINS: Dining room doors cream silk on rods, top to bottom.

Windows—roll curtain—silk half curtains from top to bottom on rods. Cretonne valances. Door c. silk backed to mask, on rods, top and bottom.

THE MODEL OF THE BRIDGE: Cantilever type, two levels, upper with driveway, sidewalks and four little toll houses, two at each end, one at each side. Lower level for tracks, elevated, etc., both levels fenced in, about three inch space between them.

THE BASE: Is a board five feet long and about fourteen inches wide, painted to represent a river well out to the ends.

The four towers measure in from each end fourteen inches to the concrete foundations, which are six and one-half inches long and three inches wide and two inches high, placed near the edges of the board. The four towers standing on these foundations are about sixteen inches high above the foundation, made of narrow flat iron, latticed, braced, square and tapering to the top, which is about one and one-half inches by three inches.

The outer anchors measure in from the ends two and one-half inches to a concrete foundation four inches long, one and one-half inches wide and one inch high, surrounded by piling about three-eighths inch in diameter. The distance between each two and base is about seven and one-half inches.

*The bridge is about seven and one-half inches wide and is between the towers. Measures in from each end eighteen inches to the hinge of the draw. Measure in from the hinge one foot to the c. of bridge, where it breaks to elevate.*

*Each level runs to near the ends of board, with about three inch space between them. Side-walks are about one and one-quarter inches wide, showing curb.*

*Both levels are fenced in. Toll houses, four, one over each of the outer anchors of the bridge, about two inches high, with a V shaped roof, standing on upper level.*

*The Cantilever—near the top of each tower a flat piece of iron about one-half inch wide is fastened, the other end is fastened near the c. of bridge, this piece breaks in the center, and is connected by a rivet, another piece of iron is fastened to this rivet and stands perpendicular to it, the other end is attached to a cord that winds around a small cylinder that is turned by a little crank; the cylinder is under the bridge, near the towers. These four cantilever braces work in unison and raise and lower the draw. The towers are braced on the outer sides with the same shaped iron as the cantilever and are fastened below.*

**ELECTRIC LIGHTS:** *Minature electric lights with a reflector above hang on arms, one on each of the toll houses and two on each tower, one on each side, they are connected, not in series, and a small cord reaches from the bridge to a base pocket in the wall at right of the cabinet. A storage battery is used for juice. The cord is attached to the same end of the bridge that the little crank is, but on the other side.*

**ELECTRIC BABY SPOTS:** *Hanging back of drapery in one R.*

1-A Focused on stool at c.

2-P Focused on chair at piano.

3-AF Focused on top of stairs.

4-A Focused on arm chair front of stairs.

5-F Focused on stairs, middle and coming down.

6-A Focused on sofa.

7-W Focused on bench at piano.

8-A Focused on chair L. of table L.C.

9-A Focused on L. of piano c.

10-P Focused on L. of piano c.

11-A Focused on table L.C. for bridge.

12-W Focused on at door c.

13-W Focused on above piano.

14-W Focused on stool when at sofa.

FOOTS: Frosted white, frosted pink, amber, steel blue.

X-RAY: Hanging back of baby spots in one, four-six lamp sections, seventy-five watt amber frost, pink, alternating.

BATTERY: Hanging front of drop four 1000 watt open lamps—2 amber, 2 steel blue.

SPOTS ON STANDS: Two on the L. through window and door c., one on the R. on hedge, narrow slit.

OPEN LAMP: One on the L. at L. of window.

STRIP LIGHTS: One—6 lamp, amber medium, above window R. One—4 lamp, blue-dipped, L. side of window four.

ENTRANCE LIGHTS: On high stands, with arms, over head strips, 4 lamps each.

One in dining room, two faded blue, one amber, one white.

One in room of R., two faded blue, two amber.

One at top of stairs, three faded blues.

BRACKETS: For walls, two arm, fifteen watt, ground glass, amber, round globe, one globe on each arm, with silk shades.

One on wall below mantel.

*One on wall opposite to balance.*

TABLE LAMPS: *Parchment shades, iron stands, fifteen watt round, ground globe, two in large lamp, one in smaller.*

*One lamp on table L.C., the larger lamp.*

*One lamp on table front of window R. of door C.*

MISCELLANEOUS: *Door bell, door C., placed off in dining room.*

*Phone bell.*

*Push button on wall below mantel.*

*Push switch below door L. connected, signal or lights.*

*Twelve miniature lamps on bridge model.*

*Baseboard pocket for connection to above.*

*Storage battery used.*

## CUES

## ACT I

*Before Curtain.*

*Door Bell—Curtain rises.*

*Door Bell—As Julia crosses to door.*

*Door Bell—My paper please.*

*Piano—When Ann sits at piano.*

*—I said alone—Metcalf.*

*Phone—don't love anybody any more—Ann.*

*—Oh, dear—Metcalf.*

*Clock, 6—I don't know—Ann.*

*Door Bell—as Jordon goes upstairs.*

*Door Bell—Yes, you're an engineer yourself, Jordon.*

*Door Bell—Yes, Gardner.*

## LIGHTING FOR ACT I

*Foots: Blue circuit, full up.*

*Amber circuit, up full.*

White circuit, pinks, twelve up full.

*Baby spots, hanging:* up full.

*Battery:*

Blue, up full.

Amber, up six on dial of ten points.

*Spots on stands:*

On L., down stage, amber, door and window, up full.

Up stage, amber, transom, up full.

On R., steel blue, up full.

*Open Lamps:*

L. of window L., amber, up full.

Strip at window R., amber, up full.

Entrance lights all on.

*On Cue:*

Good night, Daddy. Bring slowly down on dimmers.

Battery, ambers, down and out.

Open lamp at window L., amber down one-half.

*Strip at window R., amber down one-half.*

Foots, amber, down, out.

White, down, three on dial.

## ACT II

SCENE: *Same as Act I.*

TIME: *One week later.*

*Hand props, on Table L.C.*

Lamp.

Blue prints, 2.

Pencil.

Package of cigarettes.

Ash tray.

Matches.

Two Books—Reg.

Basket.

Scissors.



*On Cabinet:*

Telephone.

*On Sofa:*

Cushion.

*On Table c.:*

Blue Prints, 2.

Silver Cigarette Box.

Green Ash Tray.

Box of Matches.

Tray, round.

*In Closet:*

Hat and Coat—Jordon.

Hat and Coat—Gardner.

*Off stage R.:*

Chair for effect.

*Off stage L., Prop. Table:*

Tray.

Bottle of Scotch.

Three Highball Glasses.

Bottle of Soda in Holder.

Ann's Purse with her handkerchief in it—  
Oakes.*Personal:*

Six inch pocket scale—Gardner.

## LIGHTING FOR ACT II

*Foots:*

Blue circuit, up full.

Amber circuit, up full.

White, pink circuit, up full.

*X-Ray: Up full.**Baby Spots, hanging: Up full.**Battery:*

Blue, up full.

Amber, out.

Window lamp on L., open, steel blue, up three-  
quarters.

Window strip on R., amber, up three-quarters.

*Spots on Stands:*

On L., transom, amber, up full.

Door, window, amber, up full.

On R., steel blue, up full.

*Brackets:* Up full.

*Table Lamps:* Up full.

*Entrance Lights:* Up full.

No change of lights during act.

## CUES

## ACT II

—I certainly appreciate everything, Gardner.

*Door Bell.*

—What a busy week this has been for me, Metcalf.

*Phone.*

*Piano*—When Ann sits at piano.

—Oh, I'm so sick! Ann takes off ring.

*Door Bell*—As Ann starts for stairs again.

*Door Bell*—How the hell can I keep him out?  
Gardner.

*Door Bell*—Crack on the jaw, that's all you'll get,  
Gardner.

*Door Bell*—Go after her—just watch me. Oakes.

*Door Bell.*

## ACT III

SCENE: Same.

TIME: Five minutes later.

*Hand Props., on Table c.:*

Bottle of Smelling Salts.

Bowl of cracked ice, spoon.

Bath towel.

Handkerchief—Ann.

Two trays.  
Silver cigarette box.  
Box of matches.

*On Table L.C.:*

Lamp.  
Two red books.  
Telephone book for bridge to sit on.  
Scissors.  
Ash tray.  
Matches.  
Waste paper basket.

*On cabinet:*

Telephone.

*On piano:*

Hat and coat—Oakes.  
Hat and coat—Metcalf.  
Move bench in.

*In Closet:*

Hat on cane—Gardner.  
Coat—Gardner.

*Off Stage R.:*

Bridge Model.  
Blue Prints, 2.  
Rubber Bands.

*Personal:*

Cigarettes—Gardner.

*Foots:* (Same as Act 2.)

Blue circuit, up full.  
Amber circuit, up full.  
White, pink circuit, up full.

*X-Ray:* Up full.

*Baby Spots, hanging:* (Except No. 11) up full.

*Battery:*

Blue, up 5 on dial.  
Amber, out.  
Window lamp, open on L., 2 steel blues, way  
down.  
Window strip on 4 1 blue lamps, scratched.

*Spots on Stands:*

On L. transom, steel blue, up full.

Door, window, steel blue, up full.

On R., up full.

*Brackets:* Up full.

*Table Lamps:* Up full.

*Entrance Lights:* Up full.

*Baby Spot No. 11:* Out.

*Cues:*

When Gardner pushes button on wall L., foots,  
and everything inside set—out.

When Gardner attaches cord to bridge—No. 11

Baby Spot up.

When Gardner pushes button on wall on L.  
Everything back as at opening of act.

## ACT III

## CUES

*Warning*—Metcalf's exit.

*Phone*—Ann comes back and hangs up receiver,  
crosses to C.

*Phone*—Who believes what she sees. Gardner.

*Lights out*—doing this at all. Gardner.

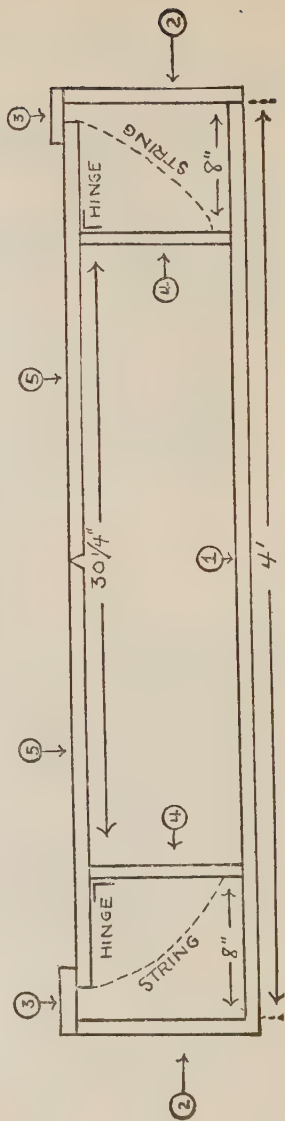
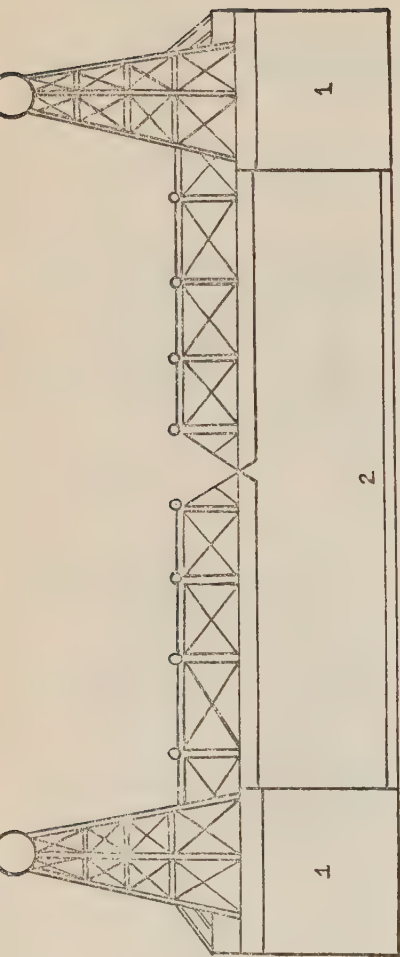
*Lights Bridge* (Baby Spot No. 11 up)—I should say  
not—Gardner.

*Lights up full*—that's too bad. Gardner.

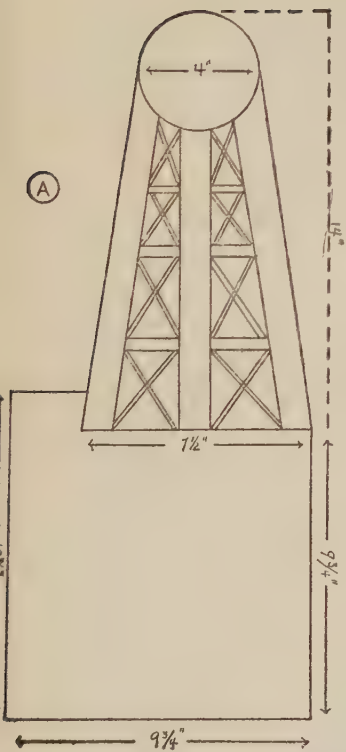
*Phone*—so long as I thought it would last. Gardner.

*Phone*—biggest egotist I ever knew. Ann.

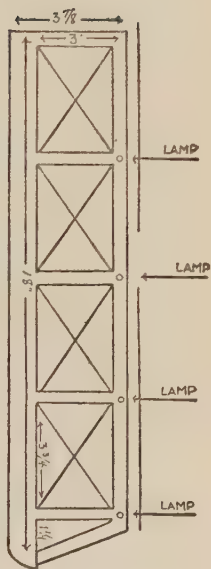
*Phone*—bet your life on that. Gardner.



BRIDGE DIAGRAM (1)  
IN LOVE WITH LOVE



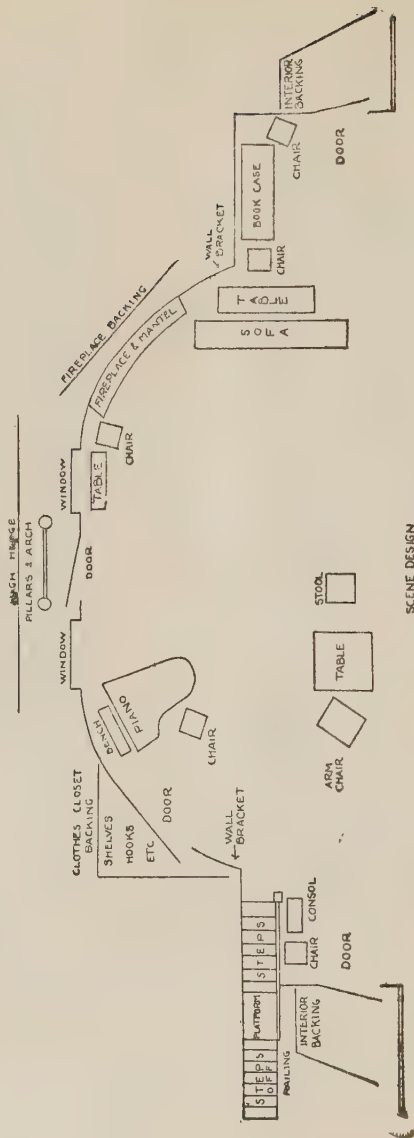
(B)



BRIDGE DIAGRAM (2)  
IN LOVE WITH LOVE



# LANDSCAPE DROP



## SCENE DESIGN

### IN LOVE WITH LOVE

# NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH

Comedy in 3 acts. By James Montgomery. 5 males, 6 females. Modern costumes. 2 interiors. Plays 2½ hours.

Is it possible to tell the absolute truth—even for twenty-four hours? It is—at least Bob Bennett, the hero of "Nothing but the Truth," accomplished the feat. The bet he made with his partners, his friends, and his fiancée—these are the incidents in William Collier's tremendous comedy hit. "Nothing but the Truth" can be whole-heartedly recommended as one of the most sprightly, amusing and popular comedies of which this country can boast. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

## SEVENTEEN

A comedy of youth, in 4 acts. By Booth Tarkington. 8 males, 6 females. 1 exterior, 2 interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays 2½ hours.

It is the tragedy of William Sylvanus Baxter that he has ceased to be sixteen and is not yet eighteen. Baby, child, boy, youth and grown-up are definite phenomena. The world knows them and has learned to put up with them. Seventeen is not an age, it is a disease. In its turbulent bosom the leavings of a boy are at war with the beginnings of a man.

In his heart, William Sylvanus Baxter knows all the tortures and delights of love; he is capable of any of the heroisms of his heroic sex. But he is still sent on the most humiliating errands by his mother, and depends upon his father for the last nickel of spending money.

Silly Bill fell in love with Lolo, the Baby-Talk Lady, a vapid if amiable little flirt. To woo her in a manner worthy of himself (and incidentally of her) he stole his father's evening clothes. When his wooings became a nuisance to the neighborhood, his mother stole the clothes back, and had them altered to fit the middle-aged form of her husband, thereby keeping William at home in the evening.

But when it came to the Baby-Talk Lady's good-bye dance, not to be present was unendurable. How William Sylvanus again got the dress suit, and how as he was wearing it at the party the negro servant, Genesis, disclosed the fact that the proud garment was in reality his father's, are some of the elements in this charming comedy of youth.

"Seventeen" is a story of youth, love and summer time. It is a work of exquisite human sympathy and delicious humor. Produced by Stuart Walker at the Booth Theatre, New York, it enjoyed a run of four years in New York and on the road. Strongly recommended for High School production. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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SAMUEL FRENCH, 25 West 45th Street, New York City  
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# COME OUT OF THE KITCHEN

A charming comedy in 3 acts. Adapted by A. E. Thomas from the story of the same name by Alice Duer Miller. 6 males, 5 females. 3 interior scenes. Costumes, modern. Plays  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

The story of "Come Out of the Kitchen" is written around a Virginia family of the old aristocracy, by the name of Daingerfield, who, finding themselves temporarily embarrassed, decide to rent their magnificent home to a rich Yankee. One of the conditions of the lease by the well-to-do New Englander stipulates that a competent staff of white servants should be engaged for his sojourn at the stately home. This servant question presents practically insurmountable difficulties, and one of the daughters of the family conceives the mad-cap idea that she, her sister and their two brothers shall act as the domestic staff for the wealthy Yankee. Olivia Daingerfield, who is the ringleader in the merry scheme, adopts the cognomen of Jane Allen, and elects to preside over the destinies of the kitchen. Her sister, Elizabeth, is appointed housemaid. Her elder brother, Paul, is the butler, and Charley, the youngest of the group, is appointed to the position of bootboy. When Burton Crane arrives from the North, accompanied by Mrs. Faulkner, her daughter, and Crane's attorney, Tucker, they find the staff of servants to possess so many methods of behavior out of the ordinary that amusing complications begin to arise immediately. Olivia's charm and beauty impress Crane above everything else, and the merry story continues through a maze of delightful incidents until the real identity of the heroine is finally disclosed. But not until Crane has professed his love for his charming cook, and the play ends with the brightest prospects of happiness for these two young people. "Come Out of the Kitchen," with Ruth Chatterton in the leading rôle, made a notable success on its production by Henry Miller at the Cohan Theatre, New York. It was also a great success at the Strand Theatre, London. A most ingenious and entertaining comedy, and we strongly recommend it for amateur production. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

## GOING SOME

Play in 4 acts. By Paul Armstrong and Rex Beach. 12 males, 4 females. 2 exteriors, 1 interior. Costumes, modern and cowboy. Plays a full evening.

Described by the authors as the "chronicle of a certain lot of college men and girls, with a tragic strain of phonograph and cowboys." A rollicking good story, full of action, atmosphere, comedy and drama, redolent of the adventurous spirit of youth. (Royalty, twenty-five dollars.) Price, 75 Cents.

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